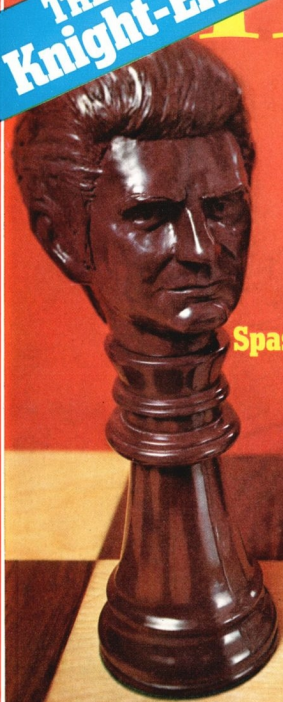


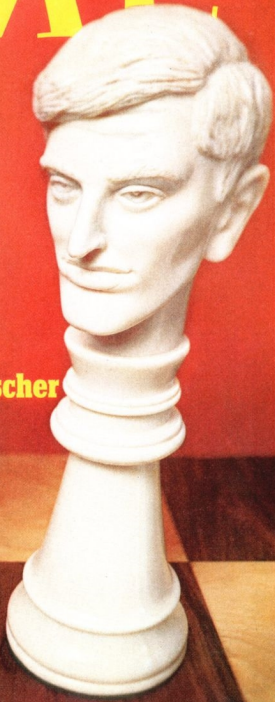
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JULY 31, 1972

**THE BIG CHESS BATTLE:
Knight-Errant v. King**



Spassky



Fischer

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

CORRESPONDENT Barry Hillenbrand was taught chess at an early age by his brothers, he recalls, so that they would always have someone to beat. During the past year he has had ample chance to brush up on his game while shadowing Bobby Fischer around the Western Hemisphere. His dogged pursuit produced the material for this week's cover story.

The temperamental genius is as cool toward the press as he is toward his opponents, and Hillenbrand found that "getting him to talk was a complicated task calling for the patience of a snake tamer." They first met in Denver last July. In New York City, the two drank beer in an East Side tavern, then shared a few games of chess. "He showed no pity," says Hillenbrand. "He would come crashing down the board, picking off my pieces with cries of 'Crunch!' and 'Zap!'"

They later went bowling in Philadelphia and toolled around the Catskill Mountains, with Fischer at the wheel of Hillenbrand's car, to help Fischer sharpen his driving skills. When Fischer went to Buenos Aires last September to compete against Tigran Petrosian, Hillenbrand was there, and the two went restaurant-hopping between matches. "I finally found that if I put away the notebook," says Hillenbrand, "Bobby would drop his guard and reveal an extraordinarily friendly, human side."

The correspondent discovered that Boris Spassky, Fischer's Russian opponent in the current world championship match, needed no such courting. "I met Spassky over breakfast in Vancouver during the Canadian open chess tournament," he says. "He was open and friendly—the sort of guy you'd like to go fishing with."

To Ray Kennedy, who wrote the cover story, Fischer's rough edges and temperamental demands mean only that he is in fighting trim. Fischer is usually at his best while complaining, says Kennedy. Kennedy himself has been a chessophile since the age of nine, and still spends an occasional evening at an all-night chess parlor.

One result of the Fischer phenomenon has been the spread of chess fever through TIME's ranks. Alexandra Mezey, who researched the story, uses a pocket chess set to brush up on her king's side defense during spare moments. Kennedy and Leon Jaroff, who edited the story, recently engaged in a cross-country match via telex with Hillenbrand and other Los Angeles bureau members. After 23 moves, when the West Coast wood pushers' victory seemed assured, they revealed that they had used former U.S. Champion Larry Evans to defeat their game. This week, with Hillenbrand already at his next assignment in Saigon, Chess Expert Evans is in Reykjavik, Iceland, reporting for TIME the play-by-play drama of the Fischer-Spassky confrontation.

Ralph P. Davidson

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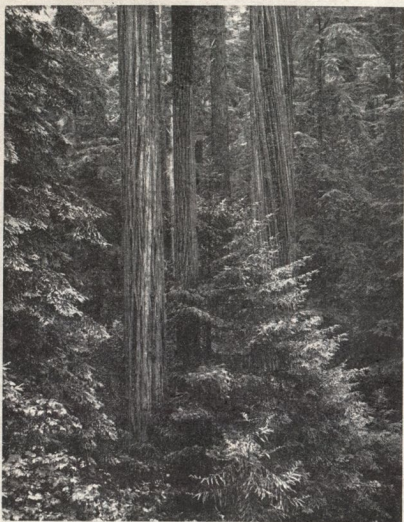
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("THE FINANCIAL TIMES")

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("DIE WELT")

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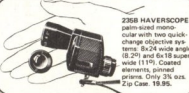
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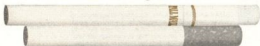
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18 mg. "tar" 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APRIL '72.

LETTERS

Cruel and Unusual—to Whom?

Sir / Thanks to the Supreme Court decision on capital punishment [July 10], we the people must provide free food, clothes, housing and medical care for creatures that have wriggled up out of earth's primal slime. Unless, as is likely, the parole boards turn them loose once again upon society.

Now that the perpetrators of these atrocities are to be pampered wards of the taxpayers, "cruel" and "unusual" are meaningless words.

JOHN E. VETTER
McLean, Va.

Sir / So our Supreme Court rules capital punishment "cruel and unusual" for the murderer. I wonder how they view the murderer's victim. It's as if the Justices had given a license to kill to any and all who are so inclined.

God help us!
MILDRED EPSTEIN
Bayside, N.Y.

Sir / Our founding fathers never dreamed that five appointed Justices could make such a mockery out of the Constitution.

The sense of justice innate in every man is the sole protection that the weak have against the strong. Without that we would be in continual terror, a state that we are fast approaching.

K. MOUNTFIELD TAYLOR
San Francisco

Sir / Where is the process of criminal prosecution going in this country? Have our moral standards and values changed enough to allow murderers to go free? What is one's moral commitment to his fellow man now?

Our illustrious Justices have just added No. 11 to the Bill of Rights: the right to kill.

DEBI MICKEY
Tucson, Ariz.

Fantastic

Sir / Re TIME's cover story "Baseball's Best Catcher" [July 10]: Fantastic! Great! It's about time Johnny Bench got the recognition he deserves.

BONNIE K. HENDERSON
Lynchburg, Va.

Sir / A beautiful cover story about Johnny Bench. This is a refreshing detour around war, crime, drugs, etc.

F. TAYLOR ROOT
Buffalo

Sir / Wow! Did Time really blow it.

And we in Pittsburgh know it.

Bench is something you sit on.

Best catcher is Manny Sanguillen.

JAMES B. HANRAHAN
Pittsburgh

Sir / If Johnny Bench is a better catcher than Manny Sanguillen of the Pittsburgh Pirates, then Fidel Castro works for Gillette.

DON SMITH
Pittsburgh

Why Live Longer?

Sir / Marshall Loeb's Essay tells us that "Americans can—and should—live longer" [July 10]. Live longer? In a society that places so much emphasis on looking youthful? That so casually ignores the elder-

ly? No, thanks. The idea of spending an additional two to three years living in an old-folks home does not thrill me.

I think I'd rather smoke cigarettes, eat pizza, and drink the yearly per-capita average of 15 fifths of liquor.

KARLA GREENDAHLE
East Grand Forks, Minn.

Sir / I enjoyed your Essay on living longer and was impressed with many of your suggestions for future changes. So long as we value our possessions more than ourselves, our addictions more than our food, our violence more than our tenderness, how can nature release us the secrets of longer life? Perhaps we must first learn to be gentle with ourselves and each other.

JOHN M. DOUGLASS, M.D.
Los Angeles

Sir / I was distressed to find that TIME in advocating laws that require the wearing of seat belts had joined the growing group that is anxious to protect man from himself.

If a man does not wear a seat belt, he risks nobody's life but his own, and a man risking his own life is not a legitimate concern of government. Implicit in the Constitution's guarantees is the right to risk one's life as long as one does not risk someone else's life in the process.

For all the good intentions of the Essay, it implies a terrifying philosophy: that man exists to serve the state, which has the right to regulate the individual so that he can efficiently fulfill its needs by paying taxes and fighting wars.

STEPHEN F. OWENS
Brooklyn

Sir / Your Essay says that regular hours and less tension allow Supreme Court Justices and clergymen to live longer, but might not the general superiority of persons selected for the Supreme Court and the general outlook on life of the clergy have something to do with their longevity?

ED HELVENSTON
Orlando, Fla.

A Polite Thank You

Sir / Must we now pay Americans to be honest? The Indiana farmer who found the skyjacking money [July 10] should expect and receive nothing but a polite "Thank you." Is it any wonder that our young people feel the older generation is two-faced?

MARY CATHERINE WEBER
St. Louis

Sir / If I haven't forgotten how to "point off," giving \$10,000 to the finder of \$500,000 is the equivalent of rewarding the finder of a \$5 bill with a dime.

VERNA K. SMITH
Kilgore, Texas

Sir / Farmer Elliott's refusal of the \$10,000 American Airlines elected to give him, in hopes of receiving 5%-10% of the ransom, puts him in my estimate in the same category as the skyjacker.

TOSCA E. KRAUSSE
San Mateo, Calif.

Smell of the Erie

Sir / You stated that Phoebe Snow was an advertising symbol to promote the Erie Lackawanna Railroad [July 10].

At the time that Phoebe Snow was first used, the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western (or Lackawanna) and the Erie railroads were competitors.

As a matter of fact, while the D.L. & W. did use Phoebe Snow to adver-

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PALL MALL GOLD 100's lower in 'tar' than the best-selling filter king!



Yes, longer...yet milder



PALL MALL GOLD 100's... "tar" 18 mg.—nicotine, 1.3 mg.
Best-selling filter king.... "tar" 20 mg.—nicotine, 1.4 mg.
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18 mg. "tar" 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APRIL '72.

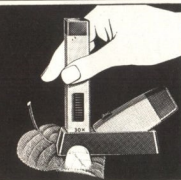
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LETTERS

tise its use of hard coal, the Erie Railroad was famous for its use of soft coal. People would associate any bad smell with the Erie and would say "It smells like the Erie Railroad."

MERRITT E. ROWLEY
 North Miami

Beef or Cake

Sir / President Nixon's advice on how to lead down inflationary meat prices. "Don't buy meat" [July 10], might have been more helpful to Americans if he had added an alternative diet recommendation, like "Let them eat cake."

DOUG SMITH
 Los Angeles

Sir / In your article in The Economy entitled "Nibbling at Food Prices" the writer makes several statements about "prices that farmers charge."

I wish that were true. In this modern age most farmers still follow the archaic method of taking their produce to market and asking "What will you give me?"

MRS. RONALD A. PIERATT
 Tecumseh, Neb.

Fabulous Dresses

Sir / I was quite surprised to see that TIME goofed by not including the names of the designers of the fabulous dresses featured in the Modern Living article on summer fashion [June 26].

The fact that I am shown wearing one of the dresses is insignificant. What is important is that they were all designed by very dear friends of mine—Ray Aghayan and Bob Mackie, two of the most talented designers in America today. In addition to designing all of my clothes and those of many other celebrities, Aghayan and Mackie have

a ready-to-wear collection that is carried by every major department and specialty store in the country.

CHER BULO
 Los Angeles

Read to Your Child

Sir / From my personal experience, Raymond and Dennis Moore [July 10] are right about the dangers of too early schooling. My six-year-old did very well during two years of pre-kindergarten school, but by the time she reached kindergarten, she had had it with school and balked at going three mornings out of five.

A program for encouraging good readers that requires a minimum of preparation by the parent? Hold your child on your lap and read to him regularly.

(MRS.) MARIANNE DAVIS
 Cypress, Calif.

Sir / Waiting until a child has developed "the ability to look, listen and absorb" might delay formal education as we know it until, say, age 28.

MARTHA BRICK
 Madison, Wis.

Sir / I admired your alert report on Raymond and Dennis Moore's heretical case against early schooling. I have also long admired TIME's policy of giving due credit to other publications. So I'm sure you meant to note that your story on the Moores was largely inspired by their own lengthy article in the July issue of *Harper's*. The omission, I know, was quite inadvertent.

ROBERT SHNAYERSON
 Editor in Chief
Harper's Magazine
 New York City

Stop Complaining

Sir / Your Essay on complaints [July 3] will please many irate consumers, but what about the guy on the other end?

I handle consumer complaints for one of the top five manufacturers in the U.S. and I guarantee you the consumer is no saint. I've been verbally abused beyond belief by angry customers, attacked as an individual rather than a company spokesman, and harangued for eight hours a day by screaming, irrational theoheds.

A customer with a legitimate gripe has got to realize that only a clear, rational approach will get satisfaction from the "big bad company." We're human beings, too.

ROBERT SEISER
 Chicago

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Russians Go Home!

Through the postwar years, Americans grew accustomed to the "Yankee Go Home!" syndrome. From Caracas to Jakarta, students would mass at U.S. embassies with rocks and anti-imperialist chants. Sometimes U.S.A. libraries would go up in flames. Even Charles de Gaulle's France, in a basically anti-American gesture, ordered NATO's headquarters out of the country.

Last week it was Russia's turn to savor the special inhospitality of smaller nations for great powers. Egypt's President Anwar Sadat, responding to his army's discontent and a larger popular disquiet with the foreign presence, ordered Russia's military advisers to pack up and leave (see *THE WORLD*). In a sense, the U.S. could sympathize with Moscow. Presumably the Soviets, in suffering this diplomatic setback, were also acquiring a bit of weary worldliness about not trying to be the world's policeman—or whatever the Russian equivalent of that all too familiar homily might be.

Good News, Bad News

The Census Bureau's new report on Americans' financial condition had the makings of a not terribly funny "good news-bad news" joke. The good news was that last year for the first time the median income of the American family rose above \$10,000, to \$10,285. The bad news was that inflation had wiped

out the gain; in constant dollars, the median income was almost exactly the same as in 1970. At the same time, the number of poor in the U.S. (a poor family is defined as a nonfarm family of four with an income of less than \$4,137) remained virtually unchanged: about 13% of the population.

The news for black Americans was also good and bad. Between 1960 and 1970, the Census Bureau said, blacks made significant progress in education, income, job opportunities and housing. The greatest improvements occurred in the North and West among black families where the parents were under the age of 35, especially when both husband and wife were working. The high school dropout rate for blacks decreased sharply to 11.1% in 1971, compared with 7.4% for whites. On the college level, the number of black students enrolled rose from 10% to 18%, compared with a constant 22% for whites.

Yet black families still remained far behind whites; their median income in 1971 was only \$6,440, compared with the \$10,670 median for whites. For all the gains of those families in the growing black middle class, about 31% of blacks remained below the poverty line, compared with 10% of the whites. Among the black poor, 56% lived in families headed by only a mother—leading some added credence to Daniel Patrick Moynihan's much-debated thesis that family structure is part of the pathology of black poverty. The statistics can also be read to support the idea of some form of income maintenance—an idea embraced in principle by both Richard Nixon and George McGovern. Unlike the present welfare system, which penalizes those who work and tends to drive fathers out of the house, income maintenance might begin to end the stalemate at the bottom.

Rising Stockpiles

For most Americans, the terror of nuclear weapons has grown domesticated—even if the real threat remains. Psychologically, at least, the instruments of doomsday have been around for so long that they are simply part of the century's familiar, horrific landscape. Last week, in an unprecedented joint effort, the United Nations Association of the U.S.A. and its Soviet counterpart simultaneously issued reports agreeing on the need to restrict the spread of nuclear weapons and atomic stockpiles.

The U.S. report pointed out that it is not only the superpowers that pose a threat. Included in the nations that have



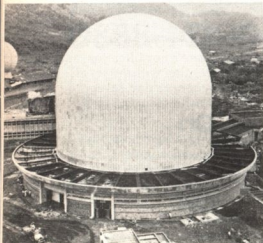
RICHARD NIXON & SPIRO AGNEW
No more suspense.

not yet signed the 1970 Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty are India and Israel. The U.S. estimated that India has on hand 95 kilograms of "unsafeguarded plutonium"—meaning plutonium produced without international inspection. Israel, said the report, has 40 kilograms. Only five to ten kilograms are sufficient to make a nuclear weapon that could destroy a medium-sized city. Thus, among smaller nations, a dangerous new arms race becomes possible.

Ms. Agents

In his 48 years as head of the FBI, J. Edgar Hoover stoutly—some said male chauvinistically—refused to allow women as special agents. Tracking down Dillingers and other enemies foreign and domestic was man's work, he believed. He continued the ban even in recent years when the FBI's Most Wanted List came to include women, among them Angela Davis and the Weatherman's Bernadine Dohrn.

After Hoover's death last spring, Acting Director L. Patrick Gray decided to abandon the men-only policy. Last week two women were accepted for the FBI's special-agent training program—Susan Lynn Roley, 25, a former Marine Corps lieutenant, and Joanne E. Pierce, 31, who used to be a nun in the order of the Sisters of Mercy. The women must still complete a 14-week course and establish that they can meet the masculine standards—including a two-mile run in 17 minutes or less, judo and shooting with a .38-cal. revolver. On the assumption that they need a certain anonymity as agents, the FBI has permitted no pictures of the pair. However, an FBI spokesman with oafish gallantry and an unintended pun insists, "They're not pigs, by any means."



INDIA'S RESEARCH REACTOR
Horrorific landscape.

Nixon Declares an Encore for Spiro

THE American vice presidency has become the most important do-nothing job in the world. In this century, fully one-third of the elected Vice Presidents have, through tragedy or election in their own right, ascended eventually to the White House. With the odds heavily favoring his re-election, Richard Nixon, it could be argued, faced no decision more important than his choice of running mate. Last week he made his choice, and to many, friends as well as foes, he seemed for once to have renege on the principle he espouses in so many other areas, and taken the easy way out. He retained Spiro T. Agnew as his running mate, offering the nar-

nouncing his renewed confidence in Agnew, Nixon revealed his decision to the most often mentioned alternative choice, former Treasury Secretary John B. Connally, the turncoat Democrat who is supporting his re-election.

Nixon's retention of Agnew pleased some key Republicans and disappointed others. "Agnew is a monster," conceded one White House staff member, "but he's Nixon's monster." Nixon appreciates Agnew's loyalty, privately concurs in his most controversial public views and, it seems certain, approved the themes of most of the Vice President's speeches before they were delivered. As one White House aide put it: "What was

the Republican Party, a major G.O.P. effort (see following story). Before the Nixon announcement, one Republican strategist explained: "Nixon wants to build the party, but with Agnew, you automatically lose the kids. How do you build a party if millions of those first-time voters go Democratic?" Moreover, there seemed no obvious necessity for retaining Agnew. George McGovern so offends most conservatives of both parties that they would likely have voted for Nixon even if Agnew had been dropped; now Nixon will surely lose some moderate voters who cannot stomach Agnew. His only vote-getting advantage may be among the restive



VICE PRESIDENT AGNEW AT RECENT NATIONAL CONVENTION OF U.S. JAYCEES IN ATLANTA
Resisting the temptation to surprise, risking alienation of the young.

rowly partisan and almost cavalier explanation that "one should not break up a winning combination." It could be a critical choice for the campaign, since Agnew is surely one of the Democrats' best issues and, more significantly, a fateful choice for the nation.

In keeping Agnew, Nixon demonstrated his confidence that Democratic Candidate George McGovern poses no great threat to his re-election. If Nixon had been worried, he could undoubtedly have broadened the appeal of the Republican ticket by choosing someone less controversial than the divisive, abrasive and limited incumbent. In selecting Agnew, Nixon also demonstrated a low regard for the larger interests of the nation. Although he is apparently in good health, Nixon would begin his second term at the age of 60; if he should serve out another four years, Agnew would be a logical Republican presidential candidate in 1976; indeed, he is already planning to run. Before an-

the President supposed to do? Call in Agnew and say, "You did everything I asked you to do so now I'm dropping you?"

Nixon considers Agnew a valuable campaign fund-raiser, and other presidential aides contend that he is far more popular with many influential Governors, mayors and rank-and-file Republicans than his critics imagine. Then, too, Nixon has difficulty in saying no on personal staff matters and in firing people, and he still smarts from Eisenhower's indecision over keeping him for a second term. There were immediate signs, however, that this time Agnew may be under presidential pressure to restrain his oratory. Nixon has told him to attack the Democrats forcefully on the issues, but to refrain from assailing personalities.

To some extent, Nixon is taking a calculated gamble with Agnew. The Vice President is widely considered a liability in attracting new young voters to

blue-collar workers who could abandon their allegiance to the Democrats.

McGovern did not appear to be surprised by the news. "It means we have the same team again we had in 1968," he said. "We'll have pretty much the same kind of tactics the Vice President is so famous for."

In sticking with Agnew, Nixon passed over some men who almost surely would be more capable of leading the nation if the need should arise. They include Connally, who has shown far greater skill than Agnew in negotiating difficult issues, serving as Nixon's troubleshooter on both the international monetary scene and in the domestic wage- and price-control battles. Nixon resisted the temptation to pull another surprise by naming someone like Massachusetts Senator Ed Brooke, a black. In advance, a top Nixon aide knocked the Brooke possibility down. "It isn't because he's black or liberal, but because he has opposed the President's war pol-

THE NATION

icy. There can be no faintheart on the war running with Richard Nixon." The same kind of reasoning was also applied by some White House aides to Illinois Senator Charles Percy. Other intriguing possibilities passed over by Nixon include New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller, who has drifted toward the right recently and had apparently bridged the once bitter breach separating him and Nixon, Ohio Senator Robert Taft, Ambassador to the United Nations George Bush, HEW Secretary Elliot Richardson and Interior Secretary Rogers Morton.

Doubts. The Nixon endorsement of Agnew was apparently made on the narrow ground of an illusory partisan advantage or out of purely personal loyalty. The decision should have turned on whether Agnew is fully capable of taking over the presidency if the need should arise. Although Agnew tends to arouse either adoration or enmity, any detached observer has to have grave doubts about his ability to lead the nation. Agnew's ventures into foreign policy, for example, have been uninspiring. He has represented the President overseas on five major tours, but mostly in areas dominated by right-wing dictatorships, whose leaders he has flattered more than protocol demands. His praise of such oppressive black rulers as Kenya's Jomo Kenyatta and the Congo's Joseph Mobutu, suggesting that U.S. black leaders emulate them, was a major gaffe. He is even more hawkish on the war than Nixon, and his seeming willingness to escalate military conflict would make him a dangerous President. He even initially opposed Nixon's overtures to China.

In domestic affairs, Agnew would make a highly divisive President. He apparently would be eager to employ tough police power to stifle protest demonstrations, as he showed in handling civil rights protests while Governor of Maryland. Although he has publicly pushed Nixon's welfare reforms, he has privately criticized them as not tough enough on "chiselers and loafers." He precipitated a row over federal legal services for the poor and has shown little concern about injustices against blacks. His most notable service has been his work among mayors and Governors on behalf of Nixon's revenue-sharing program, which at one point seemed virtually dead in Congress.

Yet Agnew's greatest liability as President might be one of temperament. He is excessively proud, righteous and unwilling to compromise; he has been so miffed by what he considers cool treatment by the U.S. Senate that he now presides over that body only when his vote might be needed. Although the vice presidency is a frustrating and humbling job, Agnew has shown little capacity for growth in it. The President must know that, and his central concern should have been what kind of an insurance policy or a legacy he wished to leave the nation.

REPUBLICANS

Wooing the Youth Vote

A substantial share of McGovern's hopes for wresting the White House away from Nixon resides in the youth vote. Perhaps as many as 18 million of the 18- to 24-year-old potential new voters could conceivably be registered and eligible to cast their ballots on Nov. 7, and the McGovern game plan foresees as many as 13 million going Democratic. The Republicans have other ideas. While McGovern's much-heralded army of 100,000 young volunteers prepares to start its massive registration drive in mid-August, a quiet Republican task force of 125,000 youngsters is already hard at work in 35 states and will move into the 15 others by Aug. 1. The current focus of the G.O.P. Youth Division, in operation since early January, is to register working youths who are not

STEVE WEINER

enough with Clark MacGregor, chairman of the Committee for the Re-Election of the President, sought reassurance that the figure of 125,000 field workers was not inflated. Indeed not, said MacGregor, adding that he expected a minimum of 1,000,000 young volunteers to be working for the President by Election Day.

Window Dressing. The Youth Division canvassers have been concentrating on homes in towns and cities across the country, where 90% of the young potential voters live with either their parents or their own families. Computers have helped spot low-cost housing areas where young married couples live, and in some states driver's license records have been culled for young people, who are later contacted by volunteers.

The campus vote has not, however, been written off by the Republicans. Despite the negative receptions accorded



YOUNG REPUBLICAN VOLUNTEERS AT NIXON CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS
Task force of 125,000 at work in 35 states.

in college, a group slightly more than two-thirds as large as the collegians, most of whom the Republicans concede to McGovern for now.

"We're working the neighborhoods," says Tennessee Senator William Brock, 41, co-chairman of the Youth Division Congressional Advisory Council. "No direct mail or anything like that. We're going to win with registration. The heavier the registration and the heavier the vote, the better."

There are 75 full-time workers supervising the nationwide Nixon youth effort. Though Brock and other campaign officials have refused to admit just how much is being spent on the grass-roots registration drive, they concede that it is "far and away" better-financed than any other segment of the overall Nixon campaign. Nixon is following the effort closely and, in a recent confer-

Nixon people earlier in the campaign, volunteers will move onto campuses when colleges reopen in the fall. Community and vocational colleges, where Nixon support has been consistently good, will get special attention from Youth Division registration teams—possibly with the hope of taking up some of the slack created by the heavy going on larger liberal arts campuses.

In a further effort to woo the youth vote and to counter the Democrats' party reform that allowed a record number of young people to become delegates to their convention, the Republicans have reserved 3,000 gallery seats at their Aug. 21-23 convention in Miami Beach for young G.O.P. volunteers. Their presence is intended to offset the fact that only 10.7% of the Republican delegates will be under 30 years old v. the 23% that the Democrats displayed.

POLITICS

Labor Decides to Mugwump It

UNTIL George McGovern won the nomination, no Democratic presidential candidate would have dared face the Republicans without near-solid labor support. With McGovern, times have changed. Not only does he profess to be undaunted at the prospect of massive labor desertions; he sounds positively defiant. When he learned that the executive council of the AFL-CIO had voted to stay neutral in the election, he retorted: "Now either that's a calamity or it's a signal that a new day is here in which we're going to test whether the union power brokers are alive or dead. I don't know the answer to that, but I won the nomination over their active opposition. That may be a sign of things to come."

Alive. For the moment, AFL-CIO President George Meany is acting very much alive, or at least pretending that he is not dead. He behaved last week as if he were conducting his own nominating or non-nominating convention, one that was far superior to what he regards as the debacle in Miami Beach that produced McGovern. Meany won a landslide victory when the council voted 27 to 3 to endorse neither McGovern nor Nixon. In a tone as matter-of-fact as if he were discussing the pros and cons of a pipe fitting, the onetime plumber said he doubted that "McGovern is good material. We don't think he would be in the best interest of labor. My interests would be if we could find some way to defeat both of them." He reminisced about the perennial Socialist candidate for the presidency who died in 1968: "If only Norman Thomas were alive today."

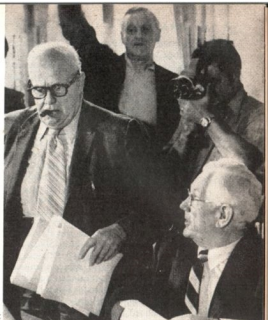
Since Big Labor began endorsing presidential candidates in 1944, this is the first time that it has failed to support the Democratic nominee—an indication of how far both Meany and McGovern have strayed from traditional Democratic practices. The two are not on the same political wave length, and never will be. For one thing, McGovern irked the labor chieftain by not voting with labor on every issue before Congress. For another, Meany is such an unrepentant hawk that he has been heard to refer to McGovern as "Mr. Surrender." He was horrified when McGovern was quoted as saying that he would "beg" Hanoi to release the prisoners of war. Never mind that Ted Kennedy said he would crawl on his hands and knees to get the prisoners back. Meany trusts Kennedy and does not trust McGovern. Meany was equally indignant when labor was beaten and bypassed at the Democratic Convention. He believes, moreover, that McGovern is bound to lose, and he does not want labor to be tainted with the defeat.

The labor chief freely acknowledges that the council's action will help Nixon.

"Without labor, it hurts," conceded Vice-Presidential Nominee Tom Eagleton. "It hurts in terms of fund-raising. It hurts in terms of personnel for voter registration and other nitty-gritty but necessary projects." The staunch backing of labor almost made Hubert Humphrey President in 1968. It is estimated that as much as \$6,000,000 was raised for him by COPE, the political arm of the AFL-CIO. McGovern believes that if necessary he can do without such financial support. "The question," he said, "is whether Governors can any longer deliver their states. Can a mayor deliver his city? Can a union leader deliver his union? Can a priest deliver his parish? These are the kinds of questions that I think we're waiting for answers on."

Meany thinks he knows the answer. Labor—and he—can still deliver. His very success with the council was a clear demonstration of that.

Many members of the executive council were not keen on refusing to support McGovern. But Meany lobbied hard and made an adroit compromise. Once the council had voted, he announced, the union affiliates could do as they pleased. They could endorse McGovern (or Nixon) if they wanted to. This stand helped to swing enough votes to his side to give him an impressive victory. Floyd Smith, president of the International Association of Machinists and Aerospace Workers, had already endorsed McGovern. But he went along with Meany in order to maintain a show of labor unity. Eagleton did his best to delay the vote; he tried in vain to get on the phone to Meany. McGovern sent out 150 letters to union presidents pledging an administration that would be friendly to them. But Meany's strategy was to strike while tempers were

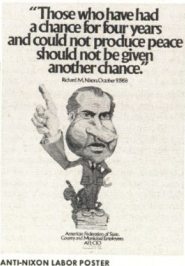


MEANY AT COUNCIL MEETING
Either calamity or signal.

hot from the convention and to deliver McGovern a blow from which he would not be able to recover.

Entrenched as he is, however, Meany does not speak for all of labor. By refusing to endorse McGovern, he has created a division that could weaken if not shatter labor solidarity. Polling 72 out of the 117 unions affiliated with the AFL-CIO, TIME Correspondent Kay Huff discovered that 32% of the leaders questioned favor endorsing McGovern; 4% are for Nixon; the rest are biding their time. The American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees (the fastest-growing affiliate) backs McGovern and has put out a poster attacking Nixon for not ending the war in Viet Nam. Although I.W. Abel, president of the United Steelworkers of America, is adamantly opposed to the Democratic candidate, he is under pressure from big locals in his union to change his stand. Outside the AFL-CIO, the powerful United Auto Workers is expected to endorse McGovern in the near future. Says one labor official: "I think you'll see just about all the big industrial unions coming through for McGovern before this thing is over."

But even if that happens, Richard Nixon will still enjoy more support from organized labor than any other Republican presidential candidate in American history. Off and on throughout his first term, the President has maneuvered to win over unions that might agree with him on such non-bread-and-butter issues as law-and-order, the war and radicalism. Once the executive council voted, Republican Campaign Manager Clark MacGregor was quick to point out the rebuke to the "McGovern elite, which makes the ordinary workingman feel unwelcome and unwanted." In New York State, formerly the citadel of pro-Democratic labor, Nixon may be sup-



ANTI-NIXON LABOR POSTER

THE NATION

ported by as much as half of organized labor, including the Uniformed Firefighters Association, the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, the International Longshoremen's Association and the Seafarers' International Union.

Throughout the country, the construction unions, with more than 3,000,000 members, are expected to vote heavily for Nixon. Last week the nation's largest union, the Teamsters, endorsed the President—thus consummating what appears to be a political deal. Not only did the President spring former Teamster Boss Jimmy Hoffa from prison last year, the White House also appointed current Teamster President Frank Fitzsimmons to the Pay Board and to the board of directors of COMSAT. Fitzsimmons' wife Mary Patricia was placed on a federal arts commission. Last week it was announced that charges of misusing Teamster funds had been dropped against Frank Fitzsimmons' son Richard. On the same day the union endorsed the President, the Administra-

DEMOCRATS

Fitful Pause for McGovern

AS George Meany made his declaration of nonsupport, George McGovern was celebrating his 50th birthday in South Dakota's Black Hills. For almost the first time since he began his once lonely drive for the nomination 19 months earlier, the candidate had hoped for a few days of uninterrupted leisure before starting his campaign against Richard Nixon. His plan did not work out that way, of course. All week the telephone jangled in the rustic cabin that McGovern had rented on Sylvan Lake. When he went horseback riding, he was escorted by a troop of Secret Service men and photographers.

But whatever the demands of his new stature, McGovern did have time for some unwinding. He slept long and late, walked occasionally in the forests of tall South Dakota spruce. McGovern even made a pilgrimage to Mount Rushmore, where he consented to pose in profile against the granite likenesses of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln and Teddy Roosevelt. McGovern thought the idea might smack of *hubris*, but an aide told him: "Politics is theater."

Depressed. On his birthday McGovern had a party at Sylvan Lake Lodge, dining on barbecued buffalo with staff members and old friends from his boyhood home of Mitchell, S. Dak. Mitchell High School's summer baking class prepared an enormous birthday cake in the shape of the White House. Bob Verschoor, McGovern's finance chairman for each of his congressional campaigns, presented the candidate with 50 \$50 bills—his harvest from a \$50 bet he placed with Las Vegas Odds-maker Jimmy the Greek when the odds against McGovern's getting the Democratic nomination were reckoned at 50 to 1.

For all that, the candidate was in a somewhat melancholy mood. He confessed to being "a little bit depressed" at the thought of turning 50. He referred sarcastically to a poll showing him a certain winner in November only in South Dakota and the District of Columbia. His spirits were buoyed, however, by a letter from former John Kennedy Aide Theodore Sorensen, who assured him that J.F.K. had also started his 1960 campaign when "practically nobody who was anybody was for him."

McGovern's mood was only somewhat brightened when Chicago's Mayor or Richard Daley halfheartedly announced that he would "support every candidate on the Democratic ticket, federal, state and local." Not once did Daley mention McGovern's name. Since Illinois might be crucial to a Democratic victory in November, the question remained whether Daley would exert his still considerable power in behalf of the national ticket or merely concentrate on getting local and state can-

didates elected. Asked whether he blamed McGovern for his exclusion from the convention, Daley replied with laughter: "What do you think?"

McGovern immediately telephoned Daley to thank him for his "magnanimous move." With that, Daley invited the candidate to come to Chicago for a conference—an invitation that had the quality of a summons. That meeting could at least begin negotiations for a possible bargain in which Daley might guarantee his support for McGovern in exchange for McGovern's endorsement of local Daley candidates.

All week McGovern concentrated on courting labor and the party regulars. After Meany's disavowal of the ticket, the candidate flew to Washington in order to vote in the Senate in favor of raising the minimum wage from \$1.60 to \$2.20 an hour—a bill opposed by the Administration, which wants to raise the minimum wage to \$2.00. As it happened, McGovern's vote was crucial on one roll call, when an Administration measure was defeated 47 to 46.

In an effort to assure some degree of party unity, McGovern announced that Lawrence O'Brien would join the McGovern cause as national campaign chairman. Gary Hart, 34, the Denver lawyer who masterminded the McGovern drive through the primaries, will remain as campaign manager at the head of the regular staff. But O'Brien, running a separate operation out of Washington, will be, according to McGovern, "my liaison with Democrats in Congress, Democratic Governors, mayors,



"My! What a surprise!"

tion passed the word that it would no longer support a compulsory arbitration bill designed to prevent crippling transportation strikes. Its excuse was that the bill stood no chance of being passed during this session of Congress. The White House also does not want to do anything to offend labor when its support is needed to assure the grain sale to the Soviet Union.

How much weight the union endorsements will carry is another matter. Even Meany admits that the "idea that we can control the rank and file is ridiculous." Workers are just as free—and increasingly as likely—as other men and women to vote their consciences, their instincts, their whims. What matters most is the money that labor can provide its chosen candidates, and it remains to be seen how much aid McGovern has lost because of Meany's ire.

CELEBRATING 50th BIRTHDAY





RIDING IN BLACK HILLS
"Politics is theater."

state legislative leaders, party officials, organized labor and other organizations supporting the principles of the Democratic Party."

The McGovern forces may have the most difficulty in winning back many of the big-money Democratic contributors who are now sitting on their wallets. Already Nixon's men are busy courting Democratic supporters. This week, for example, Financier Gus Levy of Goldman, Sachs & Co. in New York City will be host at a luncheon and dinner for 100 big contributors.

Slighted. The McGovernites have been curiously inattentive to some of their wealthiest potential backers. In California, Millionaire Max Palevsky, who has contributed \$350,000 for the McGovern campaign so far, felt slighted that he was not named finance chairman. Some, like San Francisco Realtor Walter Shorenstein and Los Angeles Realtor Harold Willens, are cautiously waiting to see how McGovern's campaign shapes up before they commit their funds. Says Shorenstein: "Our system requires a growth economy. You have to have free enterprise and competition and a good business atmosphere. If we are going to inhibit opportunity with heavy taxes and prohibitive inheritance taxes, then it is a new kind of country, not the kind people like me could relate to."

Others indicate now that they will not contribute anything at all to the presidential campaign. They include Beverly Hills Attorney Gene Wyman, a former Humphrey backer; National General's Gene Klein and Sherrill Corwin of Metropolitan Theatres Corp. of Los Angeles. It could be that many big contributors will concentrate their funds instead in congressional and state campaigns.

THE CONGRESS

Nader's Biggest Raid

Late in June, an interviewer called the office of North Carolina's Democratic Senator Everett Jordan to seek an appointment. "The Senator just doesn't have any time on his schedule between now and August," he was told. "Fine. How about an appointment in August?" "He hasn't started a schedule for August yet, so that's impossible."

Another interviewer submitted a questionnaire to California's Republican Congressman H. Allen Smith. "The Congressman never answers questionnaires; he refuses to answer yes or no questions." "But these questions are not yes or no. They provide for explanation and reasons." "Mr. Smith doesn't have time to answer that type of question."

Those catch-22 evasions are some of the ways in which about 50 nervous or hostile members of Congress are refusing to cooperate with the most massive and potentially significant survey Crusader Ralph Nader has undertaken. Working through the summer to pin down precisely how Congress, as well as each of its 535 members, actually rather than theoretically functions, about 800 eager, mostly unpaid Nader's Raiders are stalking their prey in Capitol corridors, Washington offices, state capitals and home districts. One major aim is to produce a profile of roughly 20 pages each on about 490 members* in time to help voters make up their minds about their Congressmen in November. There will also be exhaustive studies of how each congressional committee operates and of such broad topics as parliamentary rules, the seniority system and the need for reform.

Hope. Never has Nader taken greater care in planning and staffing a study. All of his questions and procedures were analyzed by an advisory board of scholars. The vast team's "field packets" of material were tested for four months in trial interviews and mailings. More than 1,000 people, mainly graduate students, young professors and instructors, applied for the low-paying (at most about \$500 for the summer) key research jobs. About 400 took written tests and 80 were selected. To avoid any charge that the study might be biased by relying for funds on tax-free foundations or other financial sources, Nader is meeting the \$200,000 cost entirely from his own income, which is derived mainly from speaking engagements and writing.

Most members of Congress assume, of course, that any Nader study starts from a critical perspective, and they worry about the findings. Nader is trying to reassure them that he is sympathetic. "Most Congressmen," he says, "work their ass off." Moreover, he finds Congress far more amenable to im-

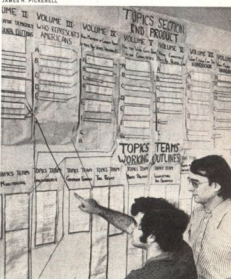
*Omitted will be members who are retiring or have been defeated in primary elections.

provement than either the Executive or Judicial Branches of the Government. "Nothing remotely compares with the Congress as the hope of reclaiming America," he insists. He wants to analyze the "internal and external pressures" that have made Congress what he calls "a continuous underachiever." The aim is to help it "live up to its potential."

Help? That is hardly the way some of Nader's congressional critics see it. "This is a great imposition that will benefit only one person—Nader," fumed Representative Joel T. Broyhill when he was presented with the group's demanding 96-page questionnaire containing 633 questions. It asks for policy statements on 37 topics ranging from drug abuse and abortion to conflict of interest. It asks how the recipient would rate the effectiveness of Congress in dealing with such matters as foreign policy, taxation and the environment.

The Nader staff contends that a Congressman's aides can handle most

JAMES H. FICKERELL



MEMBERS OF NADER STUDY GROUP
Giving legislators the jitters.

of the essential responses and does not insist on answers to all of them. Amazingly, nearly 90% of the members of Congress have cooperated with the young investigators. The holdouts include New York's Senator James Buckley, Michigan's Senator Robert Griffin, Arizona's Senator Barry Goldwater Sr. and his son California's Representative Barry Jr., and Colorado's Representative Wayne Aspinall.

Others have been eager to help. Illinois Republican Senator Charles Percy beat everyone else in returning his questionnaire, saying it took six hours of his own time and a day's work by an aide. The Democratic vice-presidential candidate, Missouri Senator Thomas Eagleton, took seven hours to fill his out completely.

Florida Democratic Representative

THE NATION

Dante Fascell found the questioning of the Georgia coed assigned to him so interesting that he spent twelve hours with her, including lunch and dinner. Massachusetts Democratic Representative Thomas P. O'Neill invited his interviewer to spend an entire Saturday with him, even helping him wash clothes at a Laundromat. Washington's Democratic Representative Lloyd Meeds termed the Nader questionnaire "the best I've ever seen" and said he actually enjoyed the "chance to ponder what I'm doing here."

Whatever the study finally suggests about how Congress can become more responsive and efficient, it is the particularized looks at their own performances that give most members the jitters. The project's director, Robert Fellmeth, 27, a graduate of Harvard Law School, observes without a smile: "We will show the incumbent's record fully and completely. Nobody should be afraid of that."

CRIME

Consolidating the Clans

The pattern of death in New York's protracted mob war became clearer last week as one of the city's highest-ranking Mafiosi became victim No. 18 in more than a year of gangland slayings. Found on a Brooklyn street with five .32 caliber wounds in his head was Thomas (Tommy Ryan) Eboli, 61, a top leader of one of New York's five Mafia families. Federal officials now believe that much of the bloodshed is part of a clever and brutal drive by the nation's most powerful Mafia commander, Carlo Gambino, 73, to seize firm control of all of the New York clans and establish himself as undisputed Boss of Bosses.

A small (5 ft. 7 in., 150 lbs.), feisty man who once managed boxers, Eboli apparently was lured to a post-midnight meeting far from his Fort Lee, N.J., home by other mobsters on a pretext of discussing some urgent gang business. His burly chauffeur, Joseph Stern-

feld, told police that Eboli was approaching his waiting car after the meeting when a truck sped past, shots erupted from it, and Eboli fell dead. Sternfeld said he did not see the killers. But he did not explain the contradictory fact that there were bloodstains on the inside of Eboli's car, and authorities held him as a witness under \$250,000 bail. Eboli, freshly barbered and wearing a gold crucifix around his neck, was found with \$2,077 in a pocket of his blue sports jacket.

Eboli had worked in the rackets for at least 40 years, mainly in New York's Greenwich Village. Although long considered too rash for high command, he was once summoned to his native Italy to receive the personal praise of his deported boss, Lucky Luciano, for jumping into a Madison Square Garden ring and slugging the referee after one of his fighters, Rocky Castellani, was beaten. He climbed steadily in the family of Luciano's successor, Vito Genovese, partly by shooting straight. He reportedly carried out a contract in 1962 to gun down Anthony Strollo, another rising Genovese aide, who had insisted on dealing in narcotics against the family rules. Eboli fell out of mob favor for a time when he was so brash as to distribute a "wanted" poster for an FBI agent who was investigating his vending machine and jukebox business—and the FBI responded by denying dozens of agents to dog the Genovese family.

Eboli nevertheless became one of three men to inherit the command of

the family when Genovese died in 1969. Of the others, Gerardo Catena has since been imprisoned for refusing to answer questions from a New Jersey crime commission, and Mike Miranda is too old, at 78, to want to wield top power. Eboli's murder gives the aging Carlo Gambino effective control of the Genovese family.

The recent killings have helped Gambino dominate another New York clan, that of Joseph Colombo. Colombo himself was shot and crippled at an Italian "Unity Day" rally in Manhattan's Columbus Circle in June 1971. Open warfare broke out between surviving members of the Colombo family and a rival Gallo faction after one of the feuding leaders, Joey Gallo, was assassinated in sensational style in a Little Italy restaurant (TIME, April 17). Gambino eagerly supplied guns to both of the warring sides. Federal agents seized another leader, Alphonse ("Alley Boy") Persico, near a rural hideout where he and other gunmen apparently were preparing for more deadly battle with the surviving Gallos.

Animals. Some of the other recent murder victims have been fringe mobsters who were killed only to confuse investigators trying to pin down motives and trace responsibility for the more significant deaths. Some of the deaths were probably also designed to warn the other two families that Gambino was plotting to humble. The former Thomas Lucchese family, now headed by Carmine Tramunti, apparently has got the message and no longer gives Gambino any back talk. But it is not certain that Phil Restelli, who leads the former Joseph Bonanno gang, is as yet completely in line. If he does not come round quickly, officials expect to find his body next.

Carlo Gambino may look feeble, but he obviously has the power to get what he wants in the New York rackets. More ominously, the men carrying out his orders may be even more malicious than the old man. They seem eager to apply the same kind of terror against any Mafia families elsewhere in the U.S. bold enough to seek greater independence once Gambino dies. "Those guys are animals on a leash," claims a Justice Department official about Gambino's underlings. "The gang murders show what could happen if that bunch takes over."

MURDER VICTIM THOMAS EBOLI



NEW YORK BOSS CARLO GAMBINO



MOURNERS ATTEND EBOLI BURIAL AT CEMETERY IN NEW JERSEY



Hanoi and the Election

The Politburo
Hanoi, North Viet Nam

Dear Sirs:

It is happening again. The peace negotiations have resumed in Paris, and that means that Americans are once again attuned to what the diplomats call "nuances." Last week there were 1½ nuances to ponder. The half nuance was the fact that for the first time ever, your press mentioned the meeting between Henry Kissinger and Le Duc Tho—a hint that now you may be serious about the talks. The full nuance was that enthusiastic piece that your party newspaper ran in praise of the "McGovern phenomenon"—an indication that you may have no intention whatsoever of settling the war with Richard Nixon.

Actually, we are not surprised that you have not yet got your nuances in line. You have obviously been debating among yourselves just what the U.S. election could mean in terms of the war that you have now been fighting for 27 years. By all accounts, you have a tough decision to make. Should you reach for a cease-fire at this time on the assumption that Richard Nixon will win his second term in November and thereupon prove much less eager to talk? Or should you just do nothing and gamble that a McGovern Administration will simply abandon the field to you?

Even Nixon's critics are rather surprised that you have not already grabbed his offered cease-fire, which would cost you little and gain your people a rare respite from battle. There are, of course, some visceral reasons why you may be reluctant. Possibly you recoil at the very notion of a settlement that would help to re-elect the man who personally hurled his B-52s against your country. Moreover, as everyone acknowledges by now, you gave a lot more than you got at Geneva 18 years ago last week, when you agreed under pressure from the big powers to abandon your war (against the French, then) and allow the division of Viet Nam into North and South.

But Nixon's negotiators do not want a grand denouement to the war. They want merely a cease-fire in place, which would be followed by a total U.S. withdrawal in four months, in return for release of the U.S. prisoners. The central political issue of who controls Saigon—vital to you but less and less important to the U.S.—would be settled later by the two Viet Nams. As Washington, and almost every Communist capital, sees it, cold logic simply demands an agreement along those lines.

Certainly much of that logic is not only cold but brutal. True, Nixon is a long way from redeeming his promise that the war "will not be an issue in the campaign." But it is also true that he has been able to mine your ports and bomb your bridges with astonishing political impunity. You may have noted that Mike Mansfield, the dovish majority leader of the Senate, last week promised to suspend action on antiwar bills so as not to interfere with Nixon's plans. If he is re-elected, Nixon may be under even less effective pressure to end the violence than he is now.

Moreover, for the first time since the U.S. entered the war, your allies are simply not rallying round. In fact, you are probably weary of hearing your Russian, Chinese and even your Eastern European friends tell you about the wisdom of going for a cease-fire now. Possibly your understandable hatred for the American enemy has kept you from the kind of knowledge of the American mood that Moscow and Peking now seem to have. More concretely, you must surely recognize that despite all the denials Nixon and Kissinger went to Moscow and Peking with what the Godfather would have called an offer they could not possibly refuse: access to the Western technology and markets they so badly need, in return for diplomatic cooperation.

The White House is satisfied that your offensive is not going to dislodge Thieu, and that nothing is likely to enhance your negotiating position for six to nine months. The Soviets appear to have an "understanding" with Washington not to ship

you the hardware needed for you to mount another offensive.

It is by no means certain that U.S. involvement in Indochina would be ended sooner or with fewer strings by McGovern's plan than by Nixon's. If Le Duc Tho agreed to a cease-fire next week, under Nixon's plan the 47,000 G.I.s remaining in Viet Nam would be home by November—six months earlier than they would be under the plan offered by McGovern, who, if elected, would stop the bombing on Inauguration Day (Jan. 20) and pull the troops out within 90 days thereafter.

You have obviously noted that Nixon and McGovern have fundamentally different attitudes about the U.S. and Viet Nam. As the presidential campaign progresses, however, they could prove to be somewhat closer on how to get out of the war than you might imagine. McGovern has already slightly qualified that quick, clean break he promised by conceding that he would, after all, keep "residual" air and naval forces in Indochina until the P.O.W.s are released. McGovern has not yet been specific about U.S. military and economic aid to Saigon; Nixon plans to continue it, although the level is negotiable. The in-place cease-fire he proposes would recognize the military situation as it ex-

GRAYSMITH—SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE



ists, and even allow you to resupply your troops. If you are right that popular support for the Thieu regime is thin, then you would be well within reach of your political goal: the elimination of Thieu. Even if he were to survive a cease-fire, which now seems likely, that would not necessarily be forever. No U.S. troops would be reintroduced, whatever happens, to prop him up.

Nixon continues to refuse to agree to the replacement of the Thieu regime with the coalition government that you have been pushing for. But you must remember that while he may be willing to end the war on some of the softest terms since Queen Victoria bugged out of the Crimea, he is too much of a politician to do it in public. That is why he wants to divide the issue into a military problem, which can be settled in Paris now, and a political problem, which could be solved later by the two Viet Nams—just as the two Koreas have begun to do.

Of course, much of the peace talk emanating from the White House these days is aimed at the American gallery. Lately, Administration aides have been lamenting that "if there was not an election campaign, there would be an objective basis for settlement"—as if the arrival of 1972 had been somehow unexpected. Even so, there is a deep realization in Washington that the violence has finally reached the point where all Vietnamese want an end to war. The U.S. is anxious for an end to the violence, too, in return for some kind of settlement that would permit a reasonably graceful departure.

A glance at a calendar suggests that a likely time for such a settlement would be mid-September. That is about the latest that Richard Nixon would be able to announce that the U.S. involvement is over and that all American troops, under the four-month withdrawal timetable, will be home by Inauguration Day. A nuance—but a significant one.

Respectfully,
■ Timothy M. James

MIDDLE EAST

The Soviet Flight from Egypt

"It is now time to reconsider the policy of extravagant dependence on the Soviet Union. That policy, five years after defeat, has not deterred the aggression nor has it restored our rights. The policy of alliance with the devil is not objectionable until it becomes favorable to the devil."

ANWAR SADAT has survived for two years by giving the devil his due—or at least the Soviet Union. But he

CHAUVEL—GAMMA



SADAT ADDRESSING THE ARAB SOCIALIST UNION

was saddled with Soviet forces in Egypt far larger and more arrogant than he had ever contemplated, and he was stymied by an intransigent Soviet position on just what Egypt's role against Israel ought to be. So last week Sadat decided it was time to about-face. Addressing the central committee of the Arab Socialist Union, Egypt's only political party, Sadat announced to gasps and grins that he had decided to boot Soviet "advisers" out of Egypt. What was more, to the astonishment of possibly even Anwar Sadat, the Russians went. They commenced to depart aboard huge Soviet jet transports that began arriving at Cairo West airbase in numbers large enough to unsettle normal air traffic over the Mediterranean.

Smaller Soviet military-assistance groups have been kicked out of Indonesia, Ghana, Albania, the Congo and the Sudan. Seldom since the Cuban missile crisis, however, have the Russians been handed such a stunning diplomatic slap over so important a suzerainty. Since the 1967 Arab-Israeli war, there have been few events in the Middle East that so upset the sullen status quo and opened the way for either resumption of a brutal war or renewed peace negotiations.

Sadat's announcement last week was all the more dramatic because it culminated a series of

events that amounted to a gain for U.S. Middle East policy. "Russian dominoes are falling all over the Middle East, and Egypt is the biggest one yet," suggested an Israeli diplomat. In March, Jordan's King Hussein suddenly put forward a forthright and unexpected plan posited on a peaceful relationship with Israel. In early July, during a visit to San'a by U.S. Secretary of State William Rogers, Yemen renewed relations with Washington; they had been broken off at the outbreak of the 1967 war. Last week the Sudan did the same thing for the same reasons: the opportunity for more helpful technical assistance from the U.S. and more political elbow room. Algeria, till now another Arab state hostile to Washington, may soon join them.

No Showdown. Sadat's decision, although it appeared to take even the Soviets by surprise, had been building for a year. In that time the Egyptian President made three trips to Moscow. On each, he vainly sought such withheld offensive weapons as surface-to-surface missiles, fighter-bombers equal to the U.S.-made Phantoms flown by Israeli pilots, and longer-range artillery. Sadat argued that an offensive capacity for Egypt would either allow it to recover territory lost to Israel if diplomatic efforts failed or force the Israelis to negotiate seriously in order to forestall another war. The Russians demurred. Their policy has become one of "no peace, no war" in the Middle East, a state of controlled hostility helpful to their broader world goals. The best they were willing to offer was a joint statement that Egypt was entitled to try "other means" if peace talks with Israel failed. The Soviets have deliberately held back Sadat and the Egyptians because they want to avoid a showdown with the U.S. At the Moscow summit, the Russians easily agreed to a statement urging "peaceful settlement."

Two weeks ago Syrian President Hafez Assad stopped off in Cairo on his way home from the Soviet Union. His relations with Moscow have become more genial as the Russians have stepped up their cultivation of Mideast allies other than Egypt. The gist of Assad's message from the Russians was: no offensive weapons for Egypt. That was grim news for Sadat, who had been facing growing pressures at home.

There had been student demonstrations protesting Sadat's inaction and the unreliability of his Soviet allies. Old army colleagues who, with Sadat, had helped Gamal Abdel Nasser seize revolutionary power 20 years ago this week sent Sadat a secret memo about extrava-

ROBERT AZZI



CAIRO JEWELER WITH DEPARTING RUSSIANS

agant dependence on the Soviet devil. The contents were so sensitive that Sadat refused to make them public (a copy was eventually shaken free in Paris).

Even more alarming was a meeting that Sadat had earlier this month with high-ranking officers of the Egyptian army. They were led by Egypt's War Minister, Lieut. General Mohammed Ahmed Sadek, a "political" general who has openly quarreled with his Soviet counterparts because they hindered his officers from entering Soviet-controlled bases and spoke of Egyptian soldiers in what Sadek considered a derogatory manner. Lieut. General Saadeddin Shazli, the chief of staff, was also there, and so, reportedly, were divisional commanders and the commander of Egypt's special-force commandos and paratroops. They demanded more freedom from overbearing Russian advisers; the implication was that they would not guarantee Sadat's continued presidency unless they received it. Whatever the bill of complaints, Sadat decided that he had to act. He dispatched Premier Aziz Sidky to Moscow for what some Cairo officials called "a final friendly ultimatum." By one account, Soviet Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev, returning from a vacation to meet Sidky, once more refused offensive weapons. Brezhnev reportedly dared the Egyptians to go ahead and toss out his advisers.

Aircraft Carrier. Sadat did just that. From Aswan to Alexandria, he sent an order to Egyptian commanders that "all military establishments and equipment which were set up on Egyptian soil will become the exclusive property of the Arab Republic of Egypt." Meanwhile Soviet advisers were told not to appear at their posts and to await further instructions from their own commanders. What was not completely clear, however—and would not be for some time—was how many of the Russians stationed in Egypt were affected by Sadat's order.

The Soviet force in Egypt, which was recently estimated at about 15,000 men, was twofold. One group acted as advisers to the Egyptian troops. The other, utilizing Egypt as a kind of land-mass "aircraft carrier," developed a Soviet strategic presence northward into the Mediterranean and as far south as the Indian Ocean. The advisers, working at battalion level, trained Egyptian infantry, armor and antiaircraft units and provided a sophisticated defense system to protect the interior of Egypt from Israeli planes. The strategic force flew TU-16 "Badger" bombers out to monitor the U.S. Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean; more recently, high-flying MIG-23s also made sweeps over Israel to test Israeli electronic defenses.

Despite Sadat's ebullient announcement, it appeared that the Egyptians were expelling only the advisers and not the Soviet strategic force. *Al Ahram*, the Cairo newspaper that usually reflects official policy, followed the Sadat speech with a statement: "President Sa-

dat's decision to terminate the services of Soviet military advisers does not apply to Soviet instructors." "Instructors," presumably, was the Egyptian term for the Soviet strategic force. To the unhappiness of State Department officials, who were trying to keep a low U.S. profile in what was potentially an advantageous situation, U.S. Defense Secretary Melvin Laird went on NBC's *Today* show last week to estimate that 5,000 Russians were leaving Egypt and 10,000 would remain.

Whatever the ultimate numbers, it was exhilarating for the Egyptians, who have long chafed under what they considered a new colonialism. "Now we have a national policy," a government official told *TIME* Correspondent Gavin Scott in Cairo, "and it's called self-reliance. We are saying to the Arabs that we can depend only on ourselves—to find a peace if it can be found, to fight a war if it is to be."

In the Cairo suburb of Zamalet, where aloof Russian families have steadfastly ignored their Egyptian neighbors, Egyptian housewives watched with undisguised delight as Russian mothers struggled to get babies and baggage into minibuses for the trip to Cairo West airbase and a flight home. "They have irritated the politicians, the generals, the students and the shopkeepers while they were in Egypt," observed one Western diplomat. "That just about covers all bases."

Whatever the emotional lift Egyptians felt on seeing Russians humbled, however, Sadat's decision by itself solved no problem for them. Egypt still needs the Russians; with \$2 billion worth of Soviet armaments received since 1967, it can scarcely go elsewhere for new weapons.

Sadat's decision makes sense mostly if it creates a shift in the Middle East stalemate. Last week the move appeared to have come so suddenly that no one else involved was prepared. The Israelis, normally alert, were caught by surprise; Premier Golda Meir delayed any assessment pending further word from Sadat. In Moscow, Tass waited a full 24 hours to comment, a sure sign that the Kremlin had not worked out answers ahead of time. The eventual explanation for the swift departure of Soviet personnel from Egypt was lame: "Now [they] have completed their functions, and the sides deemed it expedient to bring back military personnel sent to Egypt for a limited period." To Americans that had an oddly familiar sound—like a declaration that Egyptianization had been a complete success.

So long as their strategic forces remain in Egypt, the Soviets can contend

with a situation that is ultimately limited to diplomatic damage. Moscow has been reduced to two seemingly reliable Arab allies, Syria and Iraq. But neither is as centrally important in the Arab world as Egypt. Some Middle East observers suspected that the Kremlin might undertake heavy-handed revenge by increasing the quota of Soviet Jews emigrating to Israel or by renewing diplomatic relations with the Israelis, which were broken off in 1967. There is not much else the Russians could do to punish Sadat. There is no sense in attempting to topple him, since Sadat has already imprisoned and displaced former Vice President Ali Sabry and other pro-Soviet Egyptians who might have replaced him. Nor are the Russians likely to strip away Egypt's military strength to the point that Israel would be tempted to try a pre-emptive strike.

Actually, depending on which way

TESS—SOFOTO



SIDKY (RIGHT) IN MOSCOW WITH PREMIER ALEKSEI KOSYGIN
A final, friendly ultimatum.

all the Middle East dominoes eventually fall, the ultimate result of Sadat's decision might be peace. United Nations Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim was in Moscow last week to confer with Swedish Ambassador Gunnar Jarring about reactivating Jarring's long-stalled U.N. peace negotiations next month. Now that Sadat has regained popular support at home and is finally convinced that the Soviets will not lead or follow him into war, he may very well decide to try again for a settlement. The possibilities for accommodation will be clearer this week after Egypt's President elaborates on his decisions in speeches to his people—and Israeli Premier Golda Meir, after due consideration, offers her appraisal to the Knesset.

NORTHERN IRELAND

The Word Is Dastardly

WE WANT OUR HOMES, WE WANT PEACE, proclaimed the banner at the head of the procession. The marchers were 3,000 war-weary Catholics from the Lenadoon Avenue district of West Belfast. After the two-week-old cease-fire broke down, Lenadoon Avenue became a no man's land between British troops and I.R.A. guerrillas. The marchers, blankets and belongings in hand, had finally decided to evacuate their homes and bed down in nearby public schools until the fighting eased. Long before they had a chance to consider returning home, all talk of peace was shattered by the worst bombing attack in Ulster's history.

Throughout the week, the almost

While Whitelaw was conferring with the Protestants, British Opposition Leader Harold Wilson talked to I.R.A. Provisional chiefs in London in hopes of working out a new cease-fire. But the government and the I.R.A. were nowhere near a compromise. The British insisted that Catholic "no-go" areas be opened gradually. The I.R.A. ambitiously demanded release and amnesty for political prisoners, a promise of British troop withdrawal from Northern Ireland by 1975, and some sort of British declaration that would not rule out the possibility of eventually merging Ulster into the Irish Republic.

At week's end, in any case, all thought of negotiation was blown away by a volley of I.R.A. bombs. First a freight train was blown up near Lurgan, 20 miles southwest of Belfast. Then a bomb went off in a Belfast bus station,

both cities last week as the Provos stepped up their guerrilla campaign against British troops. His report:

"The flea survives by hopping and hiding," advises the I.R.A.'s favorite tactician of guerrilla warfare, Robert Taber. On Strand Road in the Catholic Bogside area of Londonderry last Monday evening, the fleas were hopping again. I first heard the detonations coming from the dockside down by the River Foyle. Two adolescent boys and a girl had entered the Chinese Society Restaurant, shooed owners and clients out with a pistol, then hidden their timed gelignite device in the kitchen. The explosion, 30 minutes later, gouged a huge hole in the building, while a spray of glass rained down from smashed windowpanes in nearby houses. As British soldiers in bulletproof vests and blue-coated Royal Ulster Constabulary men rushed up, a single rifle shot sent them diving for cover. Townspeople cowered in alleys and shop entrances. Then another volley of shots, and a man was dragged to safety. It turned out that he was an innocent passer-by, caught in the crossfire like the rest of us. Fortunately, he was only hit in the leg.

Princeton Shirt. The Bogside Provo headquarters is in a narrow lane near the gasworks, reachable via the one unbaricaded road from the city. When I arrived a few minutes after the shooting, a youth with shaggy hair, hollow cheeks and a euphoric look lay slumped and panting on a rickety old couch. A poster on the wall proclaimed **END BRITISH TERROR** and showed a Union Jack dripping blood on a skull and crossbones. A small table was piled with ammo clips, a Sten gun and World War II carbines. Young men, few of them above high school age, kept passing through the room during the next hour. They received their instructions, hid pistols under their belts at the smell of their backs, and disappeared again through a backyard littered with hijacked cars in various states of disrepair.

The existence of this headquarters is the worst-kept secret in Londonderry; yet so far the British army has refused to enter the Bogside out of fear that innocent civilians would be killed in the ensuing street battles. Moreover, the 3,000 or 4,000 destitute Catholic families who live in the area either openly support the young men or feign ignorance. Said a neighbor: "We know what these lads are up to, but we don't want to know what they're doing."

One Provo commander is Martin MacGuinness, a 22-year-old redhead wearing a freshly laundered Princeton T shirt and the untroubled gaze of the pure in heart. Said MacGuinness: "We will now begin to concentrate on army targets and sabotage their installations. We have proved we can do what we like in Londonderry. We are sick, sore and tired of being treated by the British government as little boys." Two days before the truce broke down, he was



CATHOLICS EVACUATING HOMES IN BELFAST'S LENADOON DISTRICT
The worst bombing was still ahead.

endemic violence sputtered on in Londonderry (see following story), and in Belfast the night sky reddened with a huge fire in a lumberyard where there was an army post. To keep the I.R.A. from leaving bombs in cars parked outside department stores and office buildings, several major downtown Belfast streets were closed to all traffic except buses and emergency vehicles.

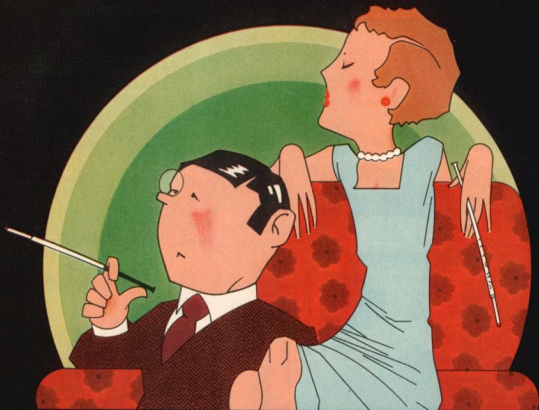
Bitterly disappointed by the breakdown of the cease-fire, Britain's Secretary of State for Northern Ireland William Whitelaw tried patiently to put it together again. To calm the anxieties of the Protestant community, ever fearful of being swallowed up by the Irish Republic, he emphasized that the province would remain a part of the United Kingdom "as long as the majority of the Ulster people want to keep the connection." He added flatly that he was not "out to let the gunman and the bomber win the day."

killing at least four civilians and two British soldiers. Soon, in what was obviously a carefully planned operation, explosions were going off throughout the city. Among the targets: three bus terminals, a railway station, a garage, two highway bridges.

William Whitelaw rushed back to Belfast from London, condemning the I.R.A. attacks as "dastardly." A member of his staff added bitterly: "It looks like being a bloody Friday." In 21 bombings in Belfast that day, at least eleven people had been killed and 130 injured.

The War of the Flea

Since the end of the cease-fire between the British army and the militant Provisional wing of the I.R.A. two weeks ago, the Catholic areas of Belfast and Londonderry have taken on the look of small battlefields. TIME Correspondent Friedel Ungeheuer was in



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FIREMEN HOSING BOMB-DAMAGED BUS STATION IN BELFAST

Would the gunman and the bomber win the day?

among the six Provo leaders flown secretly to London for talks with Ulster Proconsul William Whitelaw. Now, MacGuinness vowed, "we will not stop fighting until the Protestants and Catholics can live together without discrimination in housing, jobs or religion in a social, democratic and united Ireland. Protestant workers must realize they too are Irish and not British."

In spite of the guerrilla war raging around them, Bogside still insist on their fun. Last week a few hundred hardy gamblers turned up for the reopening of the Brandywell Dog Track, which is located at the far end of the Bogside. Undeterred by the occasional stray bullets whizzing overhead from the "no-go" Bogside area, three bookmakers did a brisk business in totes. Out of 49 hounds needed for the meet's seven races, only 28 had made it. The others were held up on Craigavon Avenue, where traffic was delayed for two hours while British troops searched for explosives and arms.

After midnight, Bogside TV sets stay tuned for another sport: listening to British army headquarters issuing orders and receiving reports from units on patrol. The army's transmitters happen to be on the same frequency as a local TV station. British HQ is aware of this. Messages that could tip off Provo patrols are cut short by clipped instructions "to use other means" of communication. Such lapses as "We don't want another calamity like Lima's [code name for a British patrol] shooting on our own men" or "Can you claim a hit?" are met with the sort of hilarity among Bogside that Americans reserve for a good quip on the *Dick Cavett Show*.

When I arrived back in Belfast, two more British soldiers had been killed. In one battle, a Saracen armored car fired on snipers holed up behind a sandbagged wall between two apartment

buildings. The snipers fled, and a few minutes later, a six-year-old girl walked among the people in front of the bullet-scarred flats playing a tape recording of the battle. "What really worries me," said one mother sadly, "is what this has done to our children."

BRITAIN

Maudling's Fall

The British Conservative Party's "class of 1950" was perhaps the most impressive collection of young Tories ever to enter the House of Commons at one time. In its ranks were Edward Heath, Iain Macleod, Enoch Powell and Reginald Maudling, who together were to hold most of Britain's top offices of state during the next two decades. Yet now, only two years after the Conservatives' return to power, Prime Minister Heath has lost the services of all three of his longtime colleagues. Macleod died in 1970, shortly after becoming Chancellor of the Exchequer. Powell was excluded from the Cabinet because of his racist views. Last week Maudling, 55, certainly one of the ablest members of the 1950 class, fell. He resigned abruptly as Home Secretary and Deputy Prime Minister, the innocent if disappointingly naive victim of a private business scandal.

Maudling's resignation came as Britain's Metropolitan Police were about to investigate the affairs of a Yorkshire architect named John Poulson, who declared himself bankrupt last year with debts of \$595,000. During the bankruptcy proceedings, Poulson said he had paid more than \$800,000 for "services rendered" to two Members of Parliament, four government officials and Maudling.

Maudling's business dealings with

Poulson appear to have been perfectly legal. While serving as an opposition M.P. in 1965, Maudling became board chairman of one of Poulson's many companies. He accepted no salary for his services, but instead arranged that Poulson contribute \$52,800 to Maudling's wife's favorite charity, the Adeline Genée (ballet) Theater. In addition, Maudling accepted \$1,837 worth of company shares for his children. What precipitated Maudling's resignation last week was not the nature of his dealings with Poulson but the fact that he could not properly remain as Home Secretary while the police under his jurisdiction were delving into Poulson's affairs.

No Rejoicing. Many Britons were dismayed, however, at the poor judgment Maudling has sometimes shown in business matters. In 1969, he became director and, for a few months, president of a Bermuda-based investment company called Real Estate Fund of America. The company was run by an American named Jerome Hoffman, who is currently serving a two-year prison sentence for fraud in the U.S.

TIME Correspondent Honor Bal-four writes: "There has been no rejoicing, not even among the government's opponents, over Maudling's resignation, for he is the most popular man in politics. He is honest, sincere, good-tempered, a genial and competent parliamentarian, tolerant and broad-minded, yet capable of tough action where necessary, self-confident, a highly civilized man and a most experienced Minister." Colleagues sometimes joked that "Reggie's only trouble is that he is still in love with his wife," meaning that he had remained more wedded to his wife Beryl, a former dancer and actress, than to his job. But between 1952 and 1964 Maudling held seven ministerial posts, including Chancellor of the Exchequer, and in 1965 he was narrowly defeated

PRESS ASSOCIATION



MAUDLING AFTER RESIGNATION

Few Britons rejoiced.

THE WORLD

by Heath for the party leadership.

Maudling's subsequent relations with Heath have been described as being occasionally on "iceberg to iceberg" terms. But Maudling remained loyal to the party and its leader, and in 1970, after the Tories' return to power, accepted the politically sensitive post of Home Secretary. He has a widespread reputation for conciliation and consensus, and his easy manner provided a welcome contrast to Heath's gritty obstinacy. Within the Cabinet Maudling argued against certain Heath policies. He favored wage controls and a more strenuous fight against inflation, and he opposed Heath's policy of direct confrontation with organized labor. But in public he staunchly supported the Prime Minister. Ironically, his resignation came at a time when Heath is being forced by events to tack in the direction of Maudling's line on those issues.

Heath accepted his resignation with genuine regret, describing it as a "bitter blow to us all." Maudling may yet return to the Cabinet once the Poulson investigation is completed. But the whole affair has probably put an end to whatever chance he still had of becoming Prime Minister. That is a pity, for, as the London *Times* noted, "as a businessman Mr. Maudling was often mistaken, but as a politician he had the useful habit of often being proved right."

THE WAR

Slow Counterattack

For once, the South Vietnamese seemed to be following the strategy, long since adopted by the North Vietnamese, that Mao Tse-tung described as "fight-fight, talk-talk." As secret negotiations between Henry Kissinger and North Viet Nam's Le Duc Tho resumed in Paris last week (see *TIME* ESSAY), Saigon's forces were pursuing not one but two counteroffensives. In the northern part of the country, 20,000 South Vietnamese marines and airborne troops were continuing their cautious advance on North Vietnamese troops in Quang Tri province and its capital, the most important city to fall to the Communists since their offensive began last March. Meanwhile another 10,000 ARVN troops and rangers opened up a second drive along the central coast, where the North Vietnamese at one point had threatened to cut the country in two.

Despite heavy air support, after three weeks the South Vietnamese troops had still not dislodged some 500 or 600 Communists inside the thick-walled 19th century citadel in the center of Quang Tri city. On the coast, ARVN troops were equally cautious—with reason. Their first objective was Bong Son, capital of one of three districts in Binh Dinh province to fall to the Communists. ARVN's slow pace has been frustrating to President Nguyen

Van Thieu, who had wanted Quang Tri city retaken before the Paris talks resumed on July 13. It is no more certain that Thieu will be able to make good on another promise: to reoccupy by mid-September all of the South Vietnamese terrain now held by the Communists.

Whether or not Thieu is successful, it is already plain that South Viet Nam's civilians have been the real losers since the Communist offensive began. *TIME* Correspondent Barry Hillenbrand, who accompanied airborne troops as they advanced into Quang Tri city last week, sent this report:

At one time Le Huan Street was a peaceful residential area close enough to the center of town so that the *petits bourgeois* who lived there could close up their downtown shops and come home for lunch and a nap. Now the street belongs to the dead and wounded. It looks like a vast denuded forest:

dozens of steel corner posts mark the boundaries of burned-out houses. Sheets of rusted tin, the roofs of demolished houses, litter the ground.

Much of the battle for Quang Tri city is the boredom of fearful waiting: waiting for a 130-mm. shell to come crashing in, waiting for an airstrike to soften up a bunker position, waiting for new troops to arrive with more ammunition and supplies, waiting for headquarters to decide whether to attack or, well, to wait.

One morning we saw two dozen old men, women and children huddled in a house on the outskirts. Like many of the 10,000 refugees who passed through ARVN lines last week, they had come out of hiding in the city, where virtually all buildings have been destroyed, during the night. By day, when the hot, fierce, dry-season wind blows, about all that can be heard is the sound of rattling tin.

The Dikes: Battered by Floods or Bombs?

FOR weeks a controversy has raged between Washington and Hanoi over whether U.S. planes are intentionally bombing the intricate flood-control system of North Viet Nam's Red River Delta. Hanoi charges that some dikes have been bombed; Washington admits only that a few dikes located near military targets may have been damaged.

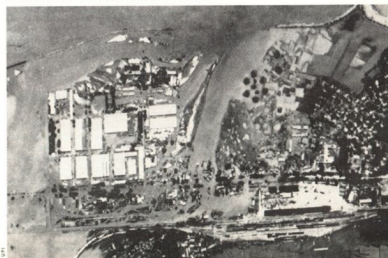
North Viet Nam's dikes are a massive, 2,500-mile-long network of earthen dams with sluice gates, more like the flood-control system of The Netherlands than anything else in Asia. They protect not only the agricultural economy of North Viet Nam but also the lives of 15 million people who live in the Delta.

The dikes can be traced at least as far back as the 2nd century A.D. Indeed, one Southeast Asian scholar be-

lieves that the ancient need for a method of controlling the annual rampages of the Red and Thai Binh rivers was a primary cause of the development of a central government in northern Viet Nam. The people realized that a coordinated plan for flood control was necessary and gradually created a government to handle the task.

Last year's flooding, which badly damaged the network, was the worst in history. The U.S. Defense Department has insisted that far worse damage to the dikes was caused by last year's floods (see *cut below*) than by this year's U.S. bombing. The State Department, in a sort of pre-emptive strike against further charges by Hanoi, has added that North Viet Nam faces a "higher than normal probability" of severe flooding later this summer.

AERIAL VIEW OF 1971 FLOODING IN RED RIVER DELTA



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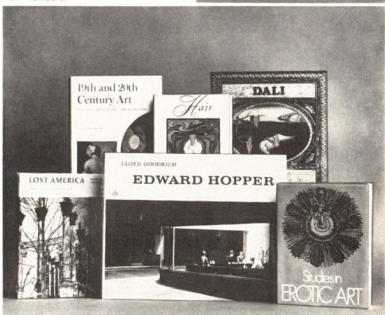
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CROAT STUDENT LEADERS ON TRIAL IN ZAGREB

EASTERN EUROPE

Crackdown

With his chilling vision of man as a helpless pawn caught within a brutalizing bureaucracy, Franz Kafka would have been intrigued by the sad happenings in his native Prague last week. He would probably have seen both captor and captive as almost equally powerless. The captor, in this instance, was Party Leader Gustav Husák, who has repeatedly vowed since taking power in 1969 that supporters of ousted Reformers Alexander Dubček would not be put on trial for their roles in Prague's short-lived "springtime of freedom," which was crushed by the Soviet-led invasion of August 1968. His promise carried a special conviction because Husák had spent nine years in Communist prisons during the 1950s on trumped-up political charges.

Even so, the most significant trials so far of Dubček's supporters took place in Prague last week—while Husák was vacationing in the Soviet Union. The 13 defendants, who were jailed months ago, were not tried on charges dating from the Dubček era. Instead, most were accused of more recent subversion. Their specific offense: distributing leaflets before the 1971 national elections that reminded citizens of their constitutional right to cross out names on the one-party list of candidates. Yet the real aim of the trial was obviously to intimidate Dubček's followers so that they would not seek any liberalization of the rigid authoritarian rule that the Russians have forced Husák to reimpose on the country. After several days of court sessions, from which foreign press and public were barred, the judges imposed sentences of up to six years on former Party Theoretician Jaromír Litera, Sociologist Rudolf Battek, Historian Jan Tesař and others. Five defendants were given suspended sentences.

More important leaders of the Prague spring, including Milan Hübl, former chief of the Party Training College, and Liberal Journalist Jiří Hochman, are still in prison and awaiting trial.

Some Western experts speculate that Husák may have agreed to the trials of lower-ranking liberals in order to fend off demands from hard-liners that he try the political leaders of the Prague spring. Two leading "ultras" are Vasil Bilák and Alois Indra, the Soviets' principal collaborators during the Warsaw Pact occupation of Czechoslovakia. Bilák and Indra reportedly favor punishing even Dubček, who lives quietly in Bratislava. He is in charge of the motor pool for the Forest Administration.

No Coexistence. The Prague trials are part of an overall pattern of political crackdown throughout the Soviet bloc (TIME, July 10). Many Western statesmen have hoped that East-West détente would lead to political relaxation in the Communist countries. The effect so far has been the opposite. Communist leaders throughout the bloc are seeking to immunize their people from the possibly liberalizing contamination that could result from closer economic and cultural contact with the West. Soviet Politburo Member Mikhail Suslov has warned that détente will actually mean a sharpening of the political tensions between the Communist and capitalist countries. "In the ideological field," Suslov declared, "there is not and cannot be any peaceful coexistence."

At present the Soviet people are being subjected to a massive program of indoctrination lectures that aim at increasing public awareness of the perils of imperialists' lures. At the same time, the Soviet Union is gripped by a severe wave of political and cultural repression. In addition to the suppression of demonstrators in Lithuania (see following story), Soviet security forces have

THE WORLD

recently arrested about 200 Ukrainians on charges of subversion. As long as Moscow is embarked on a policy of increased political and ideological vigilance, the rest of the East bloc has no choice but to follow suit.

Meanwhile, trials of perhaps an even more crucial nature are going on in Yugoslavia, where a recurrence of the old hatreds between Croats and Serbs threatens to sunder the country's fragile unity. Last week eight Croatian students who took part in last December's separatist riots were sentenced to periods of imprisonment ranging from three months to one year for "national intolerance"—a euphemism for agitation for Croatian independence from the Yugoslav federation. So far, some 100 to 150 Croats have been given similar sentences.

The most important trial is expected to begin in August. It involves eleven members of the Matica Hrvatska (Croatian Homeland) cultural society who have been brought up on charges of fomenting regional "chauvinism." In ordering the trials, the federal government of President Josip Broz Tito obviously hopes that the sentences will be stern enough to discourage future outbreaks of Croatian nationalism—but at the same time mild enough so that last year's demonstrators will not be made into martyrs.

LITHUANIA

Ordeal by Fire

For the past three months a series of grisly suicides has ignited mass protest demonstrations in Lithuania, thus illuminating the long-smoldering grievances held by citizens of this remote corner of the Soviet Union.

The trouble began in May, when Roman Kalanta, 19, a member of the Young Communist League, sat down in a park in Kaunas, Lithuania's second



SUICIDE ROMAN KALANTA
"Freedom!"

largest city, and set fire to a gallon of gasoline he had poured on himself. On the day of Kalanta's burial, thousands of young mourners flooded the streets of Kaunas shouting "Freedom for Lithuania!" A young girl lay down in the street and spread her arms in the form of a cross. When the local police man-handled her, the rioting started. Hundreds counterattacked with fists, sticks and stones. When the police proved unable to quell the demonstrators, tough riot-control troops were called in. The angry young people reportedly killed a policeman, stoned a bookstore selling Communist literature and threw a fire bomb into the local Communist Party headquarters. A sitdown strike was staged by workers in a synthetics factory. Five hundred people were arrested, of whom 200 have been jailed or are awaiting trial.

Since Kalanta's suicide, three other Lithuanians have also set themselves on fire in political protest. Further evidence of how high tensions are running in Lithuania came last month at an international handball tournament in Vilnius, which suddenly turned into an anti-Russian demonstration. Students jeered the Russian players and cheered the foreign participants. They refused to stand for the Soviet national anthem, passed out anti-Soviet leaflets, and even hoisted the national flag of independent Lithuania. Most recently, the Soviets dismissed Lithuania Agitation and Propaganda Chief Pranas Mishutis, the man in charge of keeping the lid on Lithuanian unrest.

Brutal Annexation. These unprecedented protests spring from the deep-seated patriotism of the 3,000,000 Lithuanians, most of whom are Roman Catholics. Their anti-Russian feelings are longstanding; the country suffered 120 years of oppression under the czars, and after 22 years of independence was brutally annexed by the U.S.S.R. in 1940. Emboldened by the example of Russia's own dissidents, Lithuanians have become increasingly vocal in their protests against Soviet religious and ethnic repression. No fewer than 17,000 Lithuanians signed an open letter that was sent to the United Nations this year deploring the deportation of Catholic bishops, the arrest of priests, and the closing or destruction of churches. Perhaps the most moving appeal was made by Simas Kudirka, the Lithuanian sailor who was sentenced to ten years at hard labor for having attempted to escape aboard a U.S. Coast Guard vessel in 1970. At his 1971 trial, Kudirka cried: "All I demand is an independent Lithuania, one that is not occupied by any army, and has a free, democratic system of elections."

The harsh treatment of Lithuanian dissenters suggests that the Kremlin views the disturbances as a dangerous precedent for other non-Russian peoples under Soviet rule—notably the Latvians, Estonians and Ukrainians—who are also showing signs of unrest.

ITALY

In Cold Blood

"My God," gasped one awed Deputy after Premier Giulio Andreotti, 53, had outlined for the Italian Parliament what he expected from his new government. "That wasn't a program for a beach government. That wasn't even a program for a whole [five-year] parliamentary period. That was a program for two Parliaments."

So it appeared. A "beach government," in Italy's cyclical political crises, is one formed to last for the summer vacation, when politicians traditionally join their families at the seashore. Some expected Andreotti's coalition of Christian Democrats, Social Democrats and Liberals to be no more than that, particularly since it was approved by a narrow 329-to-288 vote



ANDREOTTI LEAVING CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES
Italian jokers are seldom wild.

in the Chamber of Deputies and by 163 to 155 in the Senate.

The meticulous, stoop-shouldered Andreotti, however, had other ideas, because Italy is stumbling deeper into a recessionary quagmire of unproductive wage increases, rising unemployment, diminishing corporate profits and pressures on the lira. Before Parliament adjourns for the beach next week, Andreotti expects action on part of his long legislative program. He wants to provide industry with tax relief now and to unfreeze some of the \$18 billion for public spending that has already been approved by Parliament but is tied up in Italy's strangling bureaucracy. That would give him the political momentum to rule confidently by decree during the parliamentary vacation.

If anybody can untangle Italian government at this point, it would appear to be Andreotti. He is both expe-

rienced and so cool and detached in his political dealings that he is said to have *sangue ghiaccio* (icy blood). Andreotti is Italy's first Roman-born Premier since unification. He was only a fledgling lawyer-journalist when he became a wartime protégé of Alcide de Gasperi, Italy's great postwar Premier. De Gasperi was a Vatican librarian hiding from the Fascists when Andreotti wandered in one day in 1941 to begin research on papal naval history.⁶ After the war Andreotti became a member of the first Constituent Assembly and also secretary of De Gasperi's Cabinet.

Not only has he served in every Parliament since, but he has also been, at various times, Minister of Interior, Foreign Affairs, Treasury, Defense, Finance and Industry. Succeeding to the premiership last February, he guided the successful centrist strategy by which the Christian Democrats called for early elections and dropped the contentious Socialists from their coalition in favor of the right-of-center Liberals (TIME, May 22). As a result, the Christian Democrats picked up one seat in an election in which they had been expected to lose up to 30. Andreotti himself got more votes than any other candidate.

Now, in addition to making Italy's 35th postwar government function, Andreotti must also maintain discipline among the nine factions of his own party. With such a narrow majority, moreover, he must somehow persuade the Socialists to cooperate instead of fighting him. Those who believe he can do it point out that Andreotti is referred to by other politicians as "the joker." In Italy, the joker is always the decisive card.

ISRAEL

No Star for Okamoto

Two of the three young Japanese "Red Army" terrorists who shot up Tel Aviv's Lod International Airport two months ago died in the grim massacre that claimed 26 other lives. Ever since, Survivor Kozo Okamoto, 24, has pleaded for the opportunity to join his comrades, either through suicide or a death sentence from the Israeli military court trying him on charges growing out of the bloodbath. Okamoto insisted to the court's three lieutenant colonels that the dead become stars, and that he himself hoped to enter the constellation Orion.

Israel's liberal, independent newspaper, *Ha'aretz*, last week headlined the court's decision: OKAMOTO WILL NOT BE A STAR IN ORION. Instead he was found guilty and sentenced to life imprisonment. Prosecutor David Israeli, citing "the moral weakness of the defendant and those who sent him" and "our own moral strength," had asked for restraint.

⁶The papal states maintained a navy until Italian unification in 1870; the Popes were thus naval commanders. The most successful was Pius V, whose fleet in 1571 joined ships from Venice and Spain to defeat the Turks at Lepanto.

and the court agreed. In words intoned slowly to allow simultaneous translation into Japanese, Court President Abraham Frish said: "There is no punishment befitting the seriousness of the crime you have committed. This crime imprints the mark of Cain upon you and your employers and you shall never be cleansed of it."

Reactions to the verdict were mixed. Okamoto was visibly disappointed. He wrote a request—later handed to Japanese Ambassador Eiji Tokura—that was scarcely likely to be granted: extradition to Japan, retrial, and the death penalty there. Some editorialists applauded Israeli justice, but *Ha'aretz's* military commentator, Ze'ev Schiff, pointed out a disturbing argument for executing Okamoto after all: "As long as the Japanese murderer is in Israeli hands, he becomes an operational objective, an invitation for murder and extortion against Israel and its citizens. In order to free Okamoto the Red Army is liable to kidnap Israeli hostages."

JAPAN

The Decline of Sex

Not long ago, a small-time Tokyo businessman named Tadao Nakata hit upon an idea that he hoped would bring him, as he later put it, "tons of money for the future." He contracted with a California publisher to import 10,000 copies of a grossly prurient quarterly called *Trio*, which billed itself rather improbably as "a cultural, scientific and sociological publication." Yet even though Nakata had the printers take an air brush to some of the more explicit photographs, Japanese officialdom was outraged. First, customs authorities forced Nakata to have 37 "undesirable" spots in each copy daubed with ink before they would allow the magazine into

the country. Then the Tokyo police confiscated the magazine and indicted Nakata on charges that it was "damaging to the sanctity of decent home life in Japan." He is now on trial.

The magazine was blue enough to make a Times Square news dealer wince, but Japanese intellectuals have since made Nakata into a kind of Ginzburg. Critic Isamu Kurita, writing in the influential Tokyo daily *Yomiuri Shimbun*, warned that excessive official zeal in enforcing Japan's tough obscenity laws could lead to "the barbarization of our culture and civilization in its crudest form." Tokyo Psychology Professor Kazuo Shimada sputtered that Nakata's arrest was unfair because sex "is a personal and private matter." Mitsuo Takeya, a leading Japanese nuclear physicist, worried that government repression "could end up by distorting the basic concept of sex." Complained Printmaker Kiyoshi Saito: "Where there is no sun, no healthy arts can flourish."

To students of the once exquisite Japanese art of pornography, Nakata's stuff was a poor substitute for the celebrated *Ukiyo-e* erotica of the era before the first Westerners arrived more than a century ago. In the 1700s and early 1800s, when the great samurai families ruled the peaceful, isolated island nation, Japanese artists celebrated sex in extraordinarily direct and sensual prints and woodcuts. Every well-bred virgin was given at least one graphically instructive *makura-e* (pillow picture) as part of her trousseau. "There was no hypocrisy," says *Ukiyo-e* Scholar Teruji Yoshida. "These artists dealt with the pleasures of sex as matter-of-factly as if they were dealing with other routine pleasures, like those of eating or even of just simply taking a walk in the countryside."

Not any more. Most Japanese scholars trace the decline of Japanese por-

nography to the prewar era. It was then that the imperial government, in an attempt to focus the nation's energies on making war, not love, enacted Japan's first anti-obscenity laws. Later on, American G.I.s marched in with their pinups and introduced such shocking habits as handholding in public. Before long, the battle lines were drawn: a bureaucracy committed to the defense of a dated public prudery v. a society whose celebration of private sensuality has nonetheless produced, among other things, Japan's ubiquitous "sex drug-stores" and the most expert prostitution in Asia.

Porn Squad. In the arts the battle has been escalating. No fewer than 248 of the 417 feature-length films produced in Japan last year were quick, low-budget "eroductions" aimed at adults-only audiences. Japanese distributors imported a record 50 X-rated films, mainly from the U.S. and Scandinavia; almost all of them had to have scenes cut or blurred with special chemicals to pass tough national standards. Among other things, they direct that "bedroom scenes and outrageous activities shall be carefully handled so as not to arouse indecent passions in the audience."

The Tokyo police department has recently acquired a color-TV recorder that allows the city's 20-man porn squad to record the action on late-night programs and review it each morning for possible obscenity-law violations. Last year alone the cops piled up 571 arrests on obscenity charges and filled a storage area deep inside headquarters with a gargantuan haul of illicit erotica: 13,606 purple publications, 4,257 reels of film and 52,470 assorted "pictorial items." As for *Ukiyo-e*, serious students of the ancient Japanese art acknowledge, without pleasure, that the best collection around nowadays is to be found in—of all places—the Boston Museum.



NAKATA WITH SAMPLE IMPORTS

Bureaucrats committed to a dated prudery v. a society rediscovering private sensuality.



18TH CENTURY "UKIYO-E" EROTIC PAINTING

PEOPLE

Is Women's Lib rhetoric getting out of hand? Yes, says the movement's founder **Betty Friedan**. In the August *McCall's*, she insists that "female chauvinist bores" are trying to "elevate women as a separate class" and that this "threatens backlash among women even more than men." Singling out **Gloria Steinem** for having referred to marriage as "prostitution," Ms. Friedan protests "the assumption that no woman would ever want to go to bed with a man if she didn't need to sell her body for bread or a mink coat. Does this mean that any woman who admits tenderness or passion for her husband, or any man, has sold out to the enemy?" Ms. Steinem responded with disdain: "Having been falsely accused by the male establishment journalists of liking men too much, it's a relief to be falsely accused by an establishment woman of not liking them enough."

Sporting a tan, a toupee and a temper, **Frank Sinatra** finally showed up to testify before the House Select Committee on Crime and promptly denounced the legislators for permitting "character assassination." Specifically, he fumed that Mafia Enforcer Joseph Barboza had been unchallenged in testifying that Sinatra had "fronted" for the Mafia in real estate investments. "This bum went running off at the mouth. I resent it. I won't have it. I'm not a second-class citizen." Shaking a newspaper headline (WITNESS LINKS SINATRA WITH MAFIA) Sinatra snapped: "That's charming. That's all hearsay evidence, isn't it?" In an effort to get firsthand evidence, the committee asked Sinatra about his \$55,000 investment in a Massachusetts race track that also had



GLORIA STEINEM
Female chauvinist?

some alleged Mafia backers. The entertainer said that a man he met casually while he was singing at a nightclub had offered him the deal and it sounded profitable. Wasn't that a little unusual? Not at all, said Sinatra's lawyer. "Any time Mr. Sinatra appears anywhere, at least ten propositions are thrown up to him." The 400 spectators thronging a House caucus room guffawed at the double-entendre; even the indignant actor held up ten fingers and smiled.

They were supposed to appear in Boston, but bad weather forced their plane from Montreal to land at Warwick, R.I. There the **Rolling Stones** were passing through customs when a photographer began snapping pictures. First thing you know there was some pushing, then some shoving, then some cops. When things settled down, **Mick Jagger**, Lead Guitarist **Keith Richard** and three other belligerent members of the Stones' entourage were on their way to the police station. Boston Mayor **Kevin White** calmed 15,000 sweltering fans who were waiting in the Boston Garden by telling them that he had telephoned a plea to the Warwick police to rush the boys through court. The busted Stones finally made the Garden at 12:30 a.m. and the show went on.

There was Brodbruggnagian Songbird **Mama Cass Elliott** at Harrods, the elegant London department store, buying crochet wool and minding her own business. "I pulled two £1 notes out of my purse," said Mama Cass, "but they were wrapped inside five £10 notes, which fell to the floor. When I stooped to pick them up, this lady started hitting me on the head with her shopping bag, shouting 'What are you doing? What



BETTY FRIEDAN
False accusation?

are you doing?' I don't know why she did it. She was an upper-class type, in a tweed suit, and I think she was offended that my type was in Harrods. But if she was so damn stylish, what was she doing carrying a shopping bag?"

A thousand Chinese youths gathered on the shores of Lake Kun Ming, plunged into the water and swam 15 abreast to the accompaniment of rhythmic whistling. They were commemorating Chairman **Mao Tse-tung's** swim down the Yangtze River six years ago. When Mao took his dip, according to official press reports, he "at times swam side stroke and at other times he floated and had a view of the azure sky above." Mao was reported by his biographers to have swum nine miles in 65 minutes—a lot better than last week's youngsters, who climbed out after a mere two-thirds of a mile.

"Do not be content with thrillers and bestsellers, which are often of doubtful moral, human and literary value," **Pope Paul VI** counseled some visitors during his working vacation at Castel Gandolfo. The summer reader should also avoid "those disgraceful magazines, which are now invading and infecting every place." Instead, concluded the Pope, "you should feed your spirit on clean and high thoughts."

Richard Speck, 30, who methodically slaughtered eight student nurses in a Chicago dormitory in 1966, is just as methodically raising birds. Still confined to death row despite the Supreme Court's edict against capital punishment, Speck has been nicknamed "the Birdman" by his fellow prisoners—a reference to the 1962 **Burt Lancaster** movie, *Birdman of Alcatraz*. "I haven't raised any fuss about the birds," said Stateville Assistant Warden George Stampar. "Two sparrows flew into his cell and he's attached to them. I understand he even shampoos them."



SINATRA IN WASHINGTON
Hearsay evidence?

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COVER STORY

The Battle of the Brains

THE negotiations were going so poorly, Presidential Adviser Henry Kissinger revealed last week, that he felt compelled to intervene "for the good of the country." Kissinger was not referring to his latest secret maneuverings for peace in Viet Nam. He was talking about peace in Reykjavik, Iceland, and the confrontation between Bobby Fischer of the United States and Boris Spassky of the Soviet Union for the world chess championship. After weeks of petty infighting, the stormy encounter of East v. West, of Boris the witty, urbane champion v. Bobby the temperamental, demanding challenger, had grown into an international incident. To avoid a stalemate, Kissinger, a chess player himself, put through a call to Fischer and implored him to play. Fischer agreed, but only with the reluctance of a pouty patriot who says: "If there is one thing I ask for and I don't get, then I don't play."

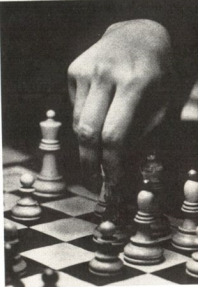
To those who know him best, Bobby was merely being Bobby. "He is," says U.S. Grand Master Larry Evans, "the most individualistic, intransigent, uncommunicative, uncooperative, solitary, self-contained and independent chess master of all time, the loneliest chess champion in the world. He is also the strongest player in the world. In fact, the strongest player who ever lived."

Fischer readily agrees with the best-ever claim. For the past decade he has considered himself the "unofficial champion," the maligned and misunderstood victim of a Communist conspiracy to keep him from the world title that is rightfully his. He refused to enter the past two world championships, which are held every three years, charging that the long, grueling play-off

rounds favored the "Russian cheaters." Four years ago, unable to gain a title match outside the Fédération Internationale des Echecs, the governing body of world chess, he stormed into retirement to "plot my revenge." Then, 18 months later, he suddenly stormed right back with a "new sense of mission," entered the championship play-offs and demolished one grand master after another. Now the knight-errant of the royal game, rated a solid 5-to-2 favorite by British bookmakers, has at last won his audience with the king.

The first game was played across the \$5,000 marble and mahogany chess table on the stage of Reykjavik's Sports Hall. On the 29th move, when it seemed that the game was destined to be a draw, Fischer boldly picked off an unprotected pawn with his bishop. A gasp of astonishment swept the 2,000 spectators in the hall. It was, as any amateur could see, a "poisoned pawn." Trapped behind enemy lines, the bishop fell six moves later, and Spassky, making the most of his advantage, went on to win. The second game, boycotted by Fischer in a dispute over the use of TV cameras (see box opposite), was won by Spassky on a forfeit. Fischer was now down two games and had to scramble.

Scramble he did. In the third game he seized the initiative on the eleventh move by swinging his knight to the edge of the board, a daring and unorthodox move for a piece that fights best in the center. Spassky pondered for a full 30 minutes, then, just as Fischer hoped he would, countered with a faulty line of attack. Before the game was adjourned for the day, Fischer scribbled his 41st move on a piece of paper, sealed it in an envelope and handed it to the ref-



FISCHER'S HAND READYING A MOVE
"Chess is life."

eree. Afterward, he said, "I sealed a crumcher," and then went bowling. Spassky and his team of analysts, meanwhile, studied the position long and hard that night looking for a flaw in Fischer's assault. Next day, when Fischer was late in arriving, the referee opened his envelope and made the move: a bishop check on the king. It was indeed a crumcher, and Spassky, without bothering to reply, tipped over his king to signify his defeat.

In a reversal of roles, the champion stalked the challenger in the fourth game. Sacrificing a pawn early on, Spassky set up a double-barreled bishop attack on Fischer's cornered king. Staving off one mating threat after another, Fischer somehow managed to salvage a draw. In the fifth game it was Spassky's turn to make a beginner's booboo. Pressured by a knight foray, and more than an hour behind on the time clock, the champion dropped his queen back in hasty retreat. Fischer picked off a pawn with his bishop and challenged the queen, daring Spassky to take the unprotected attacking piece. If he had, Fischer would have had a two-move checkmate. Even if he moved elsewhere, Spassky's position was hopeless. After studying the board for a full minute, he stood up and shook Fischer's hand. The audience applauded and cried, "Bravo Bobby! Bravo Bobby!" Late last week Fischer claimed that Spassky was close to a breakdown and had gone into seclusion.

The pressure befits the enormity of the event. At stake is not only a record purse of \$250,000 (previous record \$12,000) but also the reign and reputation of Soviet chess itself. Since 1946, when the play-offs for the championship were first organized, the U.S.S.R. has so dominated the title that it seemed to be permanently engraved in Cyrillic.

SPASSKY WAITING AS FISCHER MAKES WINNING MOVE IN FIFTH GAME OF TITLE MATCH



script. No Westerner, much less a brash young American, has ever advanced to the finals. Never, that is, until now, and the resulting excitement among the estimated 60 million chess players round the world—and millions of others who do not know a double fianchetto from a double play—is of the kind usually reserved for an epic heavyweight championship fight.

Nyekulturny. Nowhere is the interest more widespread than in Russia. Following the lead of Lenin, a skilled tournament player in his own right, the Soviets have elevated chess into something more than the national pastime. Decorated and handsomely subsidized by the state, Russian chess masters are the "vanguard of Communist culture." There are 4,000,000 registered players in the U.S.S.R. (compared with only 35,000 in the U.S.), and 36 of the world's 82 grand masters are Soviets (compared with 13 in Yugoslavia, eleven in the U.S., six in Argentina and six in Hungary).^{*} Russian youths, many of whom study the game as a standard course at grade school level, discuss the Nimzo-Indian defense the way U.S. kids talk about the Dallas Cowboys' front four. So many Soviet citizens play the game, in fact, that one chess writer contends the reason that service in Russian restaurants is so bad is because "the cooks are forever having at [chess] with the waiters instead of heating up the *lyulya kebab*."

The Russians have no trouble getting heated up about Fischer. The Soviet press calls him *nyekulturny* (uncultured), a "temperamental child" whose "endless whims" and "absurd accusations" create a "spirit of ill will and suspicion in the noble sports competition." His play is something else: not since Pinaut Van Cliburn has an American been so widely renowned in the Soviet Union for his talents. Of late, though, the fascination with "Booo-bee" has been tinged with concern. "At home they don't understand," says one Soviet grand master of Fischer's success. "They think it means that there is something wrong with our culture."

In the U.S., chess ranks somewhere between mumblety-peg and logrolling in fan interest. Or at least it did until Fischer, the celebrated recluse, became a media happening. The scenes blur: Bobby swinging away in a sports-celebrity tennis tournament, Bobby receiving a letter of support from President Nixon, Bobby jetting to Bermuda for lunch with David Frost and the beautiful people, Bobby making the rounds of the talk shows (*Dick Cavett*: Do you honestly think that you are probably the world's greatest player? *Bobby*: Yeah, right.) There is even a new record called *The Ballad of Bobby Fischer*, a twangy dittie sung by Joe Glazer and the Fianchettoed Bishops: "He was born in nineteen forty-three/ And right

^{*}The lifetime title of International Grand Master is achieved by winning a requisite number of points in tournaments approved by the F.I.D.E.



THE NEW YORK TIMES



Scenario for a Stalemate

Trying to keep track of the pregame maneuverings in the Fischer-Spassky match is as confounding as the game itself. The moves have been fast, frantic and just plain farcical. A running account of the shenanigans resembles the notation for a twelve-move grand-master stalemate:

WHITE Spassky

1. Boris arrives in Reykjavik two weeks before the match.
2. Boris sighs, "If he doesn't come, we'll all go home. It's as simple as that."
3. Boris says he is "insulted" by Bobby's delaying tactics and demands a written apology.
4. Mollified, Boris agrees to play the first game. He wins.
5. Boris appears for the second game.
6. Boris paces backstage while organizers frantically relay word to Bobby that they will unplug the cameras.
7. Boris is declared the winner of the second game on a forfeit. "It is a great pity," he says.
8. Boris says, "Bobby seems to be thinking about everything but chess."
9. Boris says, "I'm tired of this circus," and he goes salmon fishing.
10. Boris complains of hearing street noises in the room and demands that the game be moved back to center stage.
11. Boris says he does not care whether the cameras go or stay, explaining that "I'm a farm boy at heart."
12. Boris says, "I wonder what's wrong with Bobby?"

BLACK Fischer

1. Bobby demands 30% of the gate receipts and goes into hiding in New York City.
2. Bobby, enticed by an English millionaire's offer to double the \$125,000 purse, flies to Reykjavik at the last minute.
3. Bobby complies, confessing that "I was carried away by my petty dispute over money."
4. Bobby says he is distracted by the TV and movie cameras and refuses to play the second game unless they are removed.
5. Bobby, stripped to his underwear, sits playing chess in his hotel room, the door bolted, the telephone pulled from the wall.
6. Bobby says that just knowing the cameras are around is enough to unsettle him and he refuses to budge.
7. Bobby, claiming that "there is a conspiracy against me," files a formal protest against the forfeit.
8. Bobby threatens to fly back to the U.S.
9. At the last moment, Bobby agrees to play the third game in a secluded, second-floor room in the hall. He wins.
10. Bobby goes along and again calls for the removal of the cameras. He salvages a draw in the fourth game.
11. Bobby makes 14 new demands including a new hotel room, a new car, restaurant expenses and exclusive use of a swimming pool and a tennis court.
12. Bobby wins the fifth game.

SPORT

away I knew he'd make history/ 'Cause he opened his mouth on the day he was born/ And instead of crying he said, 'Move that pawn.' The song goes on to depict Spassky as already defeated and hustled off to Siberia.

The tempo of reality is a little more measured. The championship match, a best-of-24-game series, will likely go on for two months or more. According to the ground rules, three games will be played each week. Each player has 2½ hours to complete 40 moves. A dual-faced, pushbutton clock times only the player who is "on move." If either player fails to complete 40 moves in the allotted time, he forfeits the game. If the game is not finished after 40 moves, it is adjourned (unless both players agree to continue) and resumed the next day in another session. One point is awarded for a win, ½ for a draw. Fischer needs

12½ points to win the match; Spassky needs 12 to retain his title.

Whether played at the summit by grand masters or at the Y.M.C.A. by nine-year-olds, the game of chess offers both intricacy and infinite variety. As did Shakespeare's Cleopatra, it leaves hungry where most it satisfies. It has been calculated that if every man, woman and child in the world were to spend every waking hour playing at the superhuman rate of a game a minute, it would take 217 billion years to exhaust all the variations on the first ten moves. Chess is an endless labyrinth that can both mesmerize and anesthetize. Alone, perhaps, among the games of civilized man, its depths have never been fully plumbed, its possibilities calculated and codified. To Benjamin Franklin it taught "foresight, circumspection, caution and the habit of not being discouraged by our present affairs." For Lenin it was "the gymnasium of the mind." For Einstein a demon "that holds its master in its own bonds, fetters and in some ways shapes his spirit." Said H.G. Wells: "You have, let us say, a promising politician, a rising artist that you want to destroy. Dagger or bomb are archaic and unreliable. But teach him, inoculate him with chess. It annihilates a man."

Vital Juices. The annihilation theme is painfully familiar on the grand-master circuit. For all its sedentary appearance, chess is a brutally punishing game. A recent physiological experiment at Temple University showed that chess drained as much energy out of a player as did a comparable session of boxing or football. In the crunch of play, in fact, it is not unusual for a grand master to faint dead away, or lose 15 lbs. or more during a tournament. Under stress, the late Latvian grand master Aron Nimzovich used to stand on his head between moves to keep the vital juices flowing. The Yugoslav chess team travels with a portable sauna and a trainer who leads them in daily calisthenics. In the 24-game grind of a world title match, says former World Champion Tigran Petrosian, "chess may start out as an art or science, but in the end it is an athletic event."

Appropriately enough, before the match Fischer spent seven months working out at Grossinger's, the Catskill resort that is a favored training site for contending boxers. Fischer passed part of every day swimming, playing tennis, lifting weights, skipping rope, riding an Exercycle, doing sit-ups and pummeling a 300-lb. bag. "You gotta stay in shape," he says, "or it's all over." For his part, Spassky retired months ago to a dacha outside Moscow with a team of handlers. His regimen included running, swimming, yoga and daily sessions with a chess-playing psychologist.

Both Spassky, 35, and Fischer, 29, are at the peak of their considerable powers. Both are walking Univaacs in their book knowledge of chess, having long since memorized the basic strategies of games past. And both are clas-

sicists whose mature chess styles are broad, clean and lucid. Their major difference is in motivation. Spassky says, "Chess is like life"; Fischer says, "Chess is life." Thus, while Bobby lives only for the game and comes on charging, hell-bent on destruction, Boris affects an air of supreme detachment. "For me personally," he says, "it doesn't matter if Fischer wins."

Spassky further promotes this image by describing himself as a "lazy Russian bear." There is no bluster about him, no impatience, nothing restless. While waiting for an opponent to move, he gets up and strolls around with his hands folded behind his back, like a skater cruising over the ice on Lake Ladoga. "I like sports," he says offhandedly. "I swim a bit, and now I play a little tennis. I have other interests: reading, music and, yes, I do some chess." When he does, his remarkable calm makes him a formidable bear indeed. "Spassky's strength is his emotional stability plus his stamina," says Larry Evans. "His strength away from the board sustains him at the board."

Spassky seems to draw strength also from his near reverence for the game. "Chess brings out man's creative powers," he says. "It is not only struggle, it is a sphere where humans can fight for justice because there are strict laws." Those laws have served Spassky well. Before the match in Iceland began, Spassky had played Fischer, the highest-rated player of all time in the F.I.D.E. scoring columns (a statistical scale based on tournament results and strength of competition), five times and never lost. He won three times and gained two draws.

If Boris is the lazy Russian bear, then Bobby is the hungry Brooklyn wolf. Fischer still plays with the merciless intensity of the onetime boy wonder who said, "I like to see 'em squirm." And not just when the world title is at stake. In international play, where brain-saving draws are a routine matter, Fischer is the only grand master who rarely agrees to settle for a tie game. Even when he is far ahead in a tournament and could coast, he usually answers a request for a draw with a rueful, smiling refusal and then fights on until that magic moment when "I can see their ego crumbling." Says Bobby: "The game, not the tournament result, is the main thing."

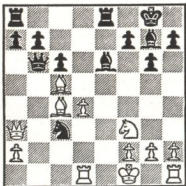
Inner Fury. The effect is devastating. In Fischer's assault on the world title, each of his last three opponents asked for postponements because of nervous strain. Invariably, Bobby's victims say that they were defeated because they were playing "below strength." "People have been playing me below strength for 15 years," says Fischer scornfully. "There is some strange magnetic influence in Bobby," says Soviet Grand Master Yuri Averbakh. "That spiritually wrecks his opponents."

So it might seem. In tournaments

Game of the Century

OF the thousands of chess games played by Bobby Fischer, the most famous is this masterpiece of combination against Donald Byrne in the 1956 Lessing J. Rosenwald Tournament in Manhattan. Fischer's 17th move, a stunning queen sacrifice, put him in the chess-history books as the author of what has been called the game of the century. His age at the time: 13.

D. BYRNE	FISCHER	D. BYRNE	FISCHER
White	Black	White	Black
1 N-KB3	N-KB3	10 Q-B5	B-N5
2 P-B4	P-KN3	11 B-KN5	N-N5
3 N-B3	B-N2	12 Q-R3	NxN
4 P-Q4	O-O	13 PxN	NxP
5 B-B4	P-Q4	14 BxP	Q-N3
6 Q-N3	PxP	15 B-B4	NxQBp
7 QxP4	P-B3	16 B-B5	KR-K1ch
8 P-K4	QN-Q2	17 K-B1	B-K3!!
9 R-Q1	N-N3		



D. BYRNE	FISCHER	D. BYRNE	FISCHER
White	Black	White	Black
18 BxQ	BxBlch	30 NxR	B-Q4
19 K-N1	N-K7ch	31 N-B3	N-K5
20 K-B1	NxPch	32 Q-N8	P-QN4
21 K-N1	N-K7ch	33 P-R4	P-R4
22 K-B1	N-B6ch	34 N-K5	K-N2
23 K-N1	PxB	35 K-N1	B-B4ch
24 Q-N4	R-R5	36 K-B1	N-N6ch
25 QxP	NxR	37 K-K1	B-N5ch
26 P-KR3	RxP	38 Q-K1	B-N6ch
27 K-R2	NxP	39 K-B1	N-K7ch
28 R-K1	RxR	40 K-N1	N-B6ch
29 Q-Q8ch	B-B1	41 K-B1	R-B7 mate

he sits transfixed, his foot tapping rapidly to the beat of some inner fury. Playing through solitary games in his room, he slams home each move with cries of "Crunch!" "Chop!" "Smash!" "Crash!" U.S. Grand Master Robert Byrne suggests that the demon in him is his "pursuit of the Idea of the game, in the Platonic sense. All of us players have that ideal. But Bobby knows how to embody it. He has the ability to overcome the chaotic mess and the complexity of modern chess, the baroque scramble, and isolate a single theme, a single line of development and carry it through. How he does it is his secret. Nobody else can."

Fischer decimates rather than dazzles. He builds solid positional bases from which he launches attacks that are rarely devious and almost always total. When he has white, and thus the game's first move, he almost always opens with the centuries-old P-K4 (moving the pawn in front of the king two squares forward). Though every grand master knows by rote the defenses against this stock opening, it is a part of Fischer's genius that he continues to fashion from it games that are freshly minted masterpieces of precision. "His judgment and feel for a position are unequaled," says Grand Master Evans. "Chess is in his fingertips. That's the difference between a master and a truly great grand master like Fischer. The master will study for hours and perhaps make the right move. But Fischer will toss out the moves, on his fingertips, and they will be the unerringly correct ones. He has a sense for what is correct, what is beautiful and what is true."

Army Game. Chess probably began as a simple diversion. Its origins have been "traced" to everywhere from Ireland and Egypt to an Indian tribe in South America; its inventor was supposedly everyone from Aristotle and King Solomon to a Buddhist monk seeking a substitute for war. The facts seem to support Chess Historian H.J.R. Murray, who says that the game was the "conscious and deliberate invention of an inhabitant of northwest India." The generally accepted date of its origin: A.D. 600. The game, substantially like modern chess, was called *chaturanga*, or the army game. The pieces represented the four elements of the Indian army: chariots, elephants, cavalry and infantry; they evolved through the centuries into rooks, bishops, knights and pawns. In its travels, the Hindi word *rajah*, for king, became *shah* in Persian, which led to the Arabic phrase *shah mat*, meaning the king is dead, from which the term checkmate is derived.

The first book on chess appeared more than four centuries ago. Since then, the number of titles (*Computers, Chess and Long-Range Planning; 1,234 Modern End-Game Studies; The Psychology of the Chess Player*) has grown



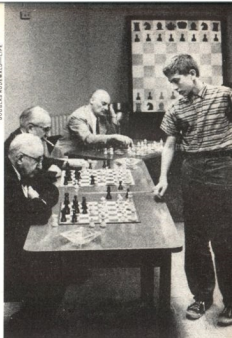
BOBBY FISCHER AT 14

to nearly 20,000—or reportedly more books than have been written about all other games combined. There has been a lot to write about. One study of the qualities that make a good chess player, for example, shows that contrary to popular opinion, imagination and vision are more important than memory and concentration. Another study by Psychologist A.F. Cleveland concludes that "a considerable degree of chess skill is possible to one who is mentally deficient in almost any other line."

America's Paul Morphy, the unofficial world champion (1858-59), who is considered by many to have been the most brilliant player in history, retired from the game at 21 after only 18 months of tournament play. Refusing to play or even talk about the game, he failed as a lawyer and lived out the rest of his life in New Orleans as a paranoid recluse. Morphy was given to such eccentricities as arranging women's shoes in a semicircle in his room and prancing around his veranda reciting in French that "the little king will go away unabashed." He died in the bathtub, presumably of apoplexy, at 47.

World Champion Wilhelm Steinitz (1886-94), a mathematician and the so-called father of modern chess, suffered from a delusion in his later years that he could place a telephone call without wire or receiver, as well as move chess pieces at will by emitting electrical currents. He also claimed to be in touch with God, whom he offered a pawn handicap and the first move in a showdown chess match. He died a charity patient in 1900.

Many of the other men who once dominated the game make Bobby Fischer look like an Eagle Scout. Arranged? World Champion Alexander Alekhine (1927-35, 1937-46), a Soviet expatriate renowned for his slashing attacks, was a Nazi collaborator who wrote a series of articles claiming that Jews spoiled the purity of chess. Once he appeared at the Polish border and declared: "I am Alekhine, chess champion of the world. I have a cat named Chess.



PLAYING SEVERAL SIMULTANEOUS GAMES

I do not need a passport." In his books he tampered with scores to make his efforts seem more brilliant. Upon losing a game, he would sometimes hurl his king across the room. Married five times and a heavy drinker, he appeared at one exhibition and urinated on the floor. He died destitute in 1946, clutching a pocket chess set.

Poor sportsmanship? Enraged over losing a game to Steinitz, British Master Joseph Blackburne reportedly threw the eminent mathematician out of a window. World Champion José Capablanca (1921-27), the dashing Cuban *roué*, was a notoriously bad loser; before he would admit defeat in one match in Havana, he demanded that the mayor clear the room of all spectators. After taking the title from Capablanca, Alekhine refused a rematch and would walk out of the room if the Cuban's name was mentioned in his presence. Upon losing one match, Latvia's Nimzovich jumped on the table and shouted: "Why must I lose to this idiot!"

One-upmanship? Before the era of the time clock, delaying tactics were so common that in 1851 British Historian Henry Buckle wrote two chapters of his *History of Civilization in England* while waiting for his opponent to make a move. During a match with World Champion Emanuel Lasker (1894-1921), Steinitz slurped a glass of lemonade so noisily that Lasker moved to a separate table. Some of Lasker's victims claimed in turn that the champion stunned them with his foul-smelling cigars. World Champion Mikhail Botvinnik (1948-57, 1958-60, 1961-63) used to train for a match by having an aide blow smoke in his eyes. Matched against the U.S.S.R.'s Mikhail Tal, a former world champion (1960-61) who has been accused of trying to hypnotize rivals with his laserlike gaze, U.S. Grand Master

SPORT

Pal Benko wore sunglasses throughout the game. Says U.S. Grand Master Robert Byrne: "In chess I follow one rule: Don't trust anyone."

Into this tradition was born Robert James Fischer. His father was a physicist from Berlin, his mother a nurse born in Switzerland and raised in the U.S. They were divorced when Bobby was two. When his mother went to work, Bobby was left in the care of his older sister Joan. She kept him amused by playing board games with him in their three-room walk-up apartment in Brooklyn. When Monopoly and Parcheesi palled, Joan bought a cheap plastic chess set at the local candy store. She was eleven at the time and Bobby was six, and together they worked out the moves. Bobby took to the game instantly, trouncing his sister so handily that he soon began playing both ends of the board himself. His alter ego never had a chance. "I tried to be fair and play the best moves for both sides," he says, "but I usually won."

His absorption with the new game was so total that for long stretches he would not respond when spoken to. Worried, his mother sent him off to the Brooklyn Chess Club in the hope that he might meet some other children there. But prodigies were scarce that year; so Bobby ignored his peers, later joined other clubs and began haunting the chess tables in the parks, "crushing all these old guys." At twelve, he had mastered enough Russian to read his monthly copy of *Shakhmaty v S.S.S.R.* and pore over the games it reported. "I had heard the Russians were the best," he says, "and I wanted to be the best."

He soon was. A floppy young ganglyhanks in corduroys, T shirt and sneakers, he hunched over the board cracking his knuckles, biting his fingernails and hushing kibitzers with cries of

"Pleeze! This is a chess game!" Occasionally, when he lost a crucial game, he burst into tears. There were, however, more triumphs than tears. At 13, he became the youngest player ever to win the U.S. Junior Open Championship (open to those under 20); at 14, the youngest ever to win the U.S. championship; and at 15, the youngest ever to win the title of international grand master. The Mozart of chess had arrived.

Boy Robot. Interested only in his game, he abruptly left Erasmus Hall High School in his junior year, ending an academic career marked largely by lack of interest and poor grades. "School is for dumb bunnies," he said. "The teachers are all nitwits." He was a shy, secretive, suspicious kid who did not take to his new notoriety, in school or out. Nevertheless, looking back, he regrets leaving because "you should finish what you start." Then after a pause, he adds: "Besides, it might have helped me to be more rounded socially."

Fischer had other problems. Returning from a tour abroad, he found that his mother had put an ad in the *New York Times* offering Bobby Fischer chess wallets complete with his gold-stamped profile and signature. Acutely embarrassed, he demanded that she cancel the ad. Their relationship became increasingly strained. She was a political activist who had taken Bobby on civil rights marches when he was a child (one of his signs read *END JIM CROW*). To gain financial support for Bobby and the U.S. chess team, she went on hunger strikes, picketed the American Chess Foundation and at one point actually chained herself to the White House gate. When Bobby was 17, she left Brooklyn and later went on a peace march from San Francisco to Moscow, where she met a British doctor. She married him soon afterward and dropped out of Bobby's life.

That left Bobby to fend for himself. The rent on the Brooklyn apartment was only \$53 a month, but he was occasionally in need of pocket money. Once, needing a dollar to go to the movies, he put on a crude, slouch-hat disguise and went into a chess parlor on

42nd Street to hustle the local *patzers* (unskilled players) into a money match. The "Boy Robot," as he was then called, was recognized immediately.

In 1962 Fischer went to Curaçao, the Netherlands Antilles, on a more difficult mission: to hustle the Russians out of the world title. Fischer failed to qualify in the Candidates' Tournament, a competition between eight contenders. Storming back to the U.S., he bitterly accused the five Soviet players of "cheating" by playing for draws against one another and to win against the Western grand masters. Scoffed *Izvestia*: "Fischer is disturbed. He scarcely restrains himself from crying, and like a capricious child who cannot get sweets, builds up a string of accusations, one more ridiculous than the last."

The war was on. Doggedly holding to his conspiracy theory, Fischer accused the F.I.D.E. of being "Communist dupes." He claimed that the Russians hired photographers to harass him. He walked out of tournaments. He complained about the lighting, the scheduling, the spectators, the air conditioning, the living conditions, the purses. Sighed *Chess Life* in an article entitled "The Selfmate of Bobby Fischer": "Finally the U.S. produces its greatest chess genius, and he turns out to be just another stubborn boy."

Not quite. Last year, to prevent any chance of collusion, F.I.D.E. ruled that after 1972, draws will no longer count in candidate and world championship matches. Chalk one up for Bobby. As for his other crusades, U.S. Grand Master Isaac Kashdan says: "He has improved the lot of all the grand masters. They didn't realize what he was doing at the time, but his demands for better lighting, better pay, more reasonable playing conditions have benefited all players." Other grand masters, however, refuse to grant that Fischer had anyone but Fischer at heart. Says one: "What he has done is good for chess, but that was not his intention."

His intention, then and now, is to win the world title. He thought a lot about that in 1968, when he went into seclusion in California with his chess



SPASSKY RELAXING IN MOSCOW
FISCHER TRAINING AT GROSSINGER'S



books. Once hopeful of challenging the Russians directly, he soon realized "that it was unrealistic of me to think they would give me a match for the title. I thought that they had a lot of self-respect; you know, I thought that they were like me. I shouldn't have had to play all the qualifying rounds out, but world opinion didn't do it for me. I figured that I'd have to come back and do it myself."

Come back he did. On a March afternoon in 1970, he strode resolutely across the stage of the Dom Sindikata Theater in Belgrade, sat down behind two ranks of white chessmen, reached across the table and shook hands with former World Champion Petrosian, shoved the king's pawn two squares forward, punched the button on the dual-faced time clock, pulled a Parker Jotter from inside his black and white checked Hong Kong suit, scribbled the notation P-K4 on his score sheet and dug in. Nearly five hours and 39 moves later, Petrosian surveyed the shattered remains of his Caro-Kann defense, stood up and shook Fischer's hand.

Slam! Chop! From that day on, Fischer has been a man possessed. Needing to place only sixth or better at the interzonal tournament in Palma de Mallorca, Spain, to qualify for the next round of the world championship, he not only won by a wide margin but swept his last seven games in a row. That advanced him to a match against veteran Soviet Grand Master Mark Taimanov in Vancouver last year. Fischer defeated him in six straight games. Then, last July in Denver, Fischer took on Denmark's Bent Larsen, ranked second only to Bobby in the West, and stunned him by again winning six straight games. The 19 straight victories were without parallel in grand-master chess history. Declared *Sovietski Sport*: "A miracle has occurred!" Then nine months ago, Fischer tangled with Petrosian again in Buenos Aires and dropped him 6½-2½ to win the right to meet Spassky. After the Petrosian match, Fischer was reluctant to fly off in a private plane for a brief vacation. "I don't know about the plane," he said. "Suppose the Russians ... like, did something to the motor or something. I mean, people don't realize how important chess is to their image. They'd really like to get rid of me now."

At Moscow's Central Chess Club, however, the reaction was summed up by one player who observed: "Well, we've still got Spassky." Spassky himself is happy that chess has a Bobby. "It would be an awfully dull world without him," he says. Like Fischer, Spassky comes from a broken home and also had a games-playing sister. (Iraida went on to become the Soviet checkers champion.) During World War II, Spassky's parents were separated; he was evacuated from Leningrad and lived for a period in an orphanage in the Kirov Region. He learned the game when he was five. At ten, he played former World

Champion Botvinnik in an exhibition match—and won. Said Botvinnik: "This boy will become world champion."

At 18, Spassky was named an international grand master (the youngest ever until Fischer won that distinction), and in 1969 he proved Botvinnik a prophet by winning the world title from Petrosian. "I never thought about making chess my life," he says. "It came suddenly upon me, and now the chess figures are like my relatives. I know the peculiarities of each one, but I do become discouraged when I see too much of them." For all his outward cool today, Spassky, like Fischer, was an intense, flashy competitor while he was on the way up. When he blundered away his advantage and lost one game in 1958, he wept openly. "You will understand Spassky better," says one friend, "if you know that his favorite writer is Dostoevsky."

Dostoevsky never had it so good. Awarded the Soviet Badge of Honor and a medal For Valiant Labor, Spassky lives in a modern Moscow high-rise with his second wife Larisa, who is an engineer, and their son. Of his first wife he says: "We were like bishops of opposite color." His \$500 monthly income from exhibition matches and as chess coach of Locomotiv, a railway-union sports club, is one of the highest in the Soviet Union. Despite these rewards, Spassky has refused to join the Communist Party. "If Boris were a writer or a composer," says one grand master from an Iron Curtain country, "he'd be in jail for anti-Soviet thinking. He is a freethinking man in many ways." Some of his freest thoughts are about chess. "I would be the happiest man alive if I were no longer world champion," says Boris. "Since I won the title my whole life has—well—stiffened. I like to play chess for fun and not fame, and my idea of a pleasant evening is to share some wine with friends and play chess."

Fischer's idea of a big evening is secluding himself in a hotel room and—slam! crash! chop!—working out a new king's side attack. He always requests a room without a view lest he be distracted from the game. If he ventures out, he always takes his trusty leather pocket set with him. On elevators, in taxis, between dinner courses—he is always at it, busily fiddling away like some old crone at her knitting. "Why should I bother with anything else?" he asks. "Chess is my profession, isn't it?"

20-to-1. Bobby Fischer is an American primitive. He has no home. He lives out of two enormous plastic suitcases and a couple of shopping bags crammed with transistor radios and chess periodicals in eight languages (English, Russian, Dutch, Italian, German, Serbo-Croatian, Spanish, French). The radios are for digging the latest Motown sounds. The literature is for those little off moments. Like the time after his victory over Larsen in Denver, when some chess buffs dragged the two players off to a nightclub featuring operatic sing-



STUDENTS PLAYING IN RED SQUARE
More than a national pastime.

ing. While the performers trilled and boomed, Fischer sat buried in a chess book, oblivious to all else. "I don't mix well," he says.

When he walks, he gallops. When he eats, he gobbles down two and three full-course meals at a sitting. He wears suits made for him by a tailor in Zagreb, Yugoslavia; all dressed up, he is the picture of a Russian Deputy Minister of Power and Electricity. Bachelor Bobby does not have time for dating. He once said that when God gets ready, he will drop a girl in his lap. Most often, he rises late in a day that almost invariably ends with chess, chess until dawn. Then he dozes off to the soothing swoosh of an electronic "white sound," sleep-inducing device he keeps near his bed. Also near his bed is the Bible he has carried with him constantly since he joined the Worldwide Church of God, a California-based fundamentalist sect.

Of late, Bobby has taken to musing about "Once I have the title, ... " "If" has never entered his mind. When pressed, he modestly rates himself as the "20-to-1 favorite." The prospect of earning more than \$100,000 in Reykjavik has him talking about buying houses round the world. "You know, like what's-his-name—Onassis, who has his table set for him in places like London, Buenos Aires, New York." When he first started his all-out quest for the title in Belgrade two years ago, a reporter asked him what chess meant to him. He pondered for nearly a minute and then said it all: "Everything."

EDUCATION

Learning for Earning

At 18, Anne DeNapoli was a discouraged liberal arts student at Nassau Community College on Long Island. "I really felt that I was accomplishing nothing," she recalls. "I was learning things, but nothing that I could use in the future." She dropped out of college to enroll in Katharine Gibbs School, which promised her secretarial skills that would enable her to get a job immediately after graduation.

Her decision has become increasingly common. As a result, while many liberal arts colleges languish or go out of business for lack of students and money—at least 300,000 college openings for next fall are still vacant—vocational schools are booming. Among the chief beneficiaries are the nation's 9,000 "proprietary" schools, so called because they make profits for their owners. In ten years, they have grown to about 1,000,000 students, about 10% of the U.S. population enrolled in high-

the colleges' \$4 or more). Explains J.S. Olins, vice president of the Bryman School: "We're not interested in education for education's sake but in education for employment's sake."

The Bryman School, headquartered in West Los Angeles, trains medical assistants at 14 locations across the country. Students are assigned only one book: a fat loose-leaf notebook that is supposed to contain all the knowledge the profession requires. As techniques change, new pages are inserted. Says President John Krebs: "We boil out all the nonessentials. We teach only those



STUDENT AT RCA INSTITUTES

things that help a person get and keep a good job." Bryman places about 85% of its graduates in jobs and recently became the first proprietary school to have programs accredited by the American Medical Association.

Until recently, such endorsements were almost unheard of. Most educators held proprietary schools in low esteem because of all too frequent abuses—ads promised high salaries but training was often inadequate. Three years ago, Senator Walter Mondale called such unprincipled schools "the last legalized con game in America." Even today, 18 states have no laws regulating the schools. The proprietary-school industry itself has set up voluntary accrediting boards, but many schools have ignored them because they can fill their classes without accreditation.

The Federal Trade Commission has been cracking down, however. Last May, it issued guidelines to keep proprietary-school advertising honest, and it has taken specific action against eleven schools in the past year. Among other things, it required the Pat Quinlan Model and Finishing School of St. Louis to stop implying that its training qualified graduates as stewardesses (most airlines

train their own) and ordered Chicago's LaSalle Extension University to advertise the fact that its law degree would not qualify students for a bar exam.

Aside from curbing abuses, the reform efforts have shown that the industry includes many good schools. In recent years, several universities, such as the University of Minnesota and Southern Illinois University, have begun accepting transfer students from approved proprietary schools. Nine states presently permit them to confer "associate" degrees. Now, Congress has authorized grants for financially poor students who enroll in accredited proprietary schools under the Higher Education Act it passed in June.

For both the schools and their students, an impressive degree is less important than job placement. New York's highly rated RCA Institutes, owned by RCA Corporation, operates three shifts a day training TV and electronics technicians in a former warehouse and places 79% of the graduates. Half of RCA's nontenured faculty lack college degrees, but nearly all have job experience. Such a practical approach attracts students like Angelo Miranda, 24, who briefly considered going to college, then decided, "What I'm really after is money." His bench mate, Robert Sandberg, 19, a dropout from the City University of New York, agrees: "As a technician, you can still get rich." Katharine Gibbs, which graduates 2,000 secretaries a year from five East Coast sites, requires relentless drill in typing, shorthand and other office skills ("It's the most brutal school in the world," says one recent graduate), but it places almost all of its graduates in jobs.

No Frills. The better proprietary schools claim that their new respectability in the academic world is well earned. "We're much more responsive to change than most public colleges," says Bryman's President Krebs. "Things it takes public education three years to do we can do in three months." Three enterprising Philadelphia lawyers, for example, decided that lawyers could use assistants trained in the rudiments of the law, quickly set up a school and graduated their first class in July 1970. Since then twelve community colleges have founded similar programs.

Well-managed schools net 7% to 10% of annual revenues—a fact not lost on American businessmen. In recent years, such corporate giants as CBS, Bell & Howell and ITT have eagerly bought up schools. But the most interesting effect of the proprietary schools may be their influence on the hard-pressed colleges, which see increasing merit in the schools' cost-conscious approach—full-time teachers (up to 25 hours a week instead of ten), rented buildings and leased equipment instead of handsome campuses, no summer vacations and no frills. As one proprietary-school administrator puts it, "If a kid wants a gym, we send him to the Y."



Typing class at Katharine Gibbs
Relentless drills.

er education. Their business now totals an estimated \$2 billion a year.

Proprietary schools train students for a wide range of careers—from fashion modeling to computer programming to flying. One school outside Philadelphia teaches students how to tell male from female chicks, a skill needed by commercial poultry producers; four others, in Las Vegas, train card dealers. All share a businesslike outlook: compared with standard college programs, the proprietary schools' training courses are short (often less than a year) and tuition is cheap (about \$1.50 per classroom hour as against

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Vega gives you more engine than most little cars: A 140-cubic-

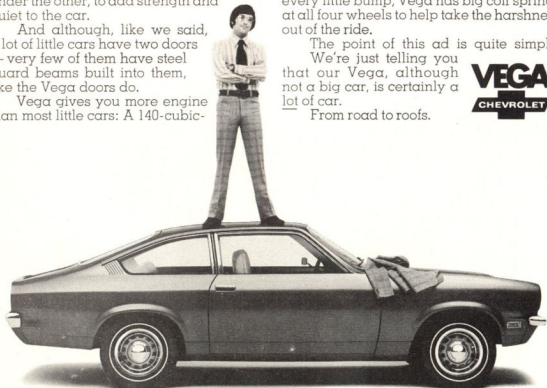
inch overhead cam four that can handle turnpike speeds quite comfortably without a lot of straining.

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Playing Guns

DUCK, YOU SUCKER

Directed by SERGIO LEONE

Screenplay by LUCIANO VINCENZI, SERGIO DONATI and SERGIO LEONE

The best thing about Sergio Leone's movies is their charming and infectious childishness. So gaudy that they seem to have been splashed across the screen with finger paints, so wildly illogical and improbably elaborate that the props might have been pulled from a giant toy box and the plots from comic books, films like the early Clint Eastwood spaghetti westerns or *Once Upon a Time in the West* exert a weird fascination. It is almost as if Leone not only remembers the fantasies of countless Saturday matinees from his childhood but continually relives them.

Duck, You Sucker is even more frivolous than the usual Leone. The action, of which there is the customary abundance, takes place in Mexico during the waning days of the revolution. Rod Steiger swaggers through various robberies as a goodhearted, simple-minded *handido* whose fondest dream is to knock over the bank in Mesa Verde. He gets his chance when he meets with James Coburn, who plays

a fugitive I.R.A. revolutionary. How Coburn got from the Emerald Isle to Mexico, or why he is a fugitive, is left totally unexplained in the best Leone tradition. Coburn does put in his first appearance riding a motorcycle, a means of transportation suitable for getting over arroyos if not the Atlantic.

Steiger is too busy marveling at Coburn's practical skill with a stick of dynamite to bother his head about such questions. He tries to press Coburn into his big bank scheme, but, instead, Coburn slyly drafts Steiger into the revolution—the Mexican, that is, not the Irish. So many ambushes and detonations ensue that the viewer runs the risk of succumbing to a case of vicarious shell shock.

The patent absurdity of all this is appealing not in a campy sense but a theatrical one. Leone has a highly individualistic visual style that is sometimes irritating but can be effective in a rather operatic way. He favors huge, porous closeups and compositions with profiles looming large in one corner or another of the wide-screen frame. The music is another Leone trademark. In the Eastwood epics, it will be remembered, a jew's-harp twanged madly every time an eyebrow was arched. Here Leone recruits some hapless vo-



COBURN & STEIGER IN "DUCK, YOU SUCKER"
The danger of vicarious shell shock.

calist to make melodramatic noises that seem to be an imitation of a bullfro with bronchitis.

The result of all this is diverting but far from consistent, even in its craziness. There are frequent *longueurs* and too many conversations about the meaning of revolution that are stupid even by Leone standards. Unfortunately, no one is likely to ever get a much fun out of his movies as Leone himself.

■ Jay Cock

Salem refreshes

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19 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR. 77.

Ground Round

PRIME CUT

Directed by MICHAEL RITCHIE
Screenplay by ROBERT DILLON

Everything is indeed up to date in Kansas City. They manage to offer a technique of slaughter there that is novel even for this age of mayhem. The boys at the meat-packing plant resent the intrusion of the boss's agent from Chicago, so they send him through the grinder, pack him up and ship him back home as a string of wieners.

The boss (Eddie Egan, late of *The French Connection*) takes this as an affront. Besides, the Kansas City boys are skimming off a healthy slice of the corporate profits. So he dispatches Nick Devlin (Lee Marvin) to teach Kansas City a little respect.

The people to see in Kansas City are Mary Ann (Gene Hackman) and his sultry wife Clarabelle (Angel Tompkins), a former Chicago model. Mary Ann auctions cattle and keeps the buyers happy by filling cowpens with stoned-out, naked teen-age girls, who are also up for sale. "I give this country what it wants," Mary Ann gloats. "Dope and flesh." Devlin stalks past the beef and the broads without batting an eye and confronts Mary Ann.

They then settle down to the business of beating and blasting each other's forces all over Kansas City, a pro-



MARVIN (RIGHT) CONFRONTS TOMPKINS & HACKMAN IN "PRIME CUT"
The last intruder had a run-in with a wiener machine.

cess that produces a high body count but low interest. In his spare moments, Devlin squires—but does not sleep with—a spacy teen-age girl whom he has rescued from the pens of iniquity (portrayed by a young and resplendently unpromising actress named Sissy Spacek). She in turn lends him moral support as he triumphs over the forces of darkness and unhealthy meat-packing practices.

To give the film makers a break

—which is more than they give the viewer—*Prime Cut* was obviously intended to be a tough, surreal gangster film in the *Point Blank* mold, a kind of jazzy allegory about brutality and dehumanization. *Point Blank*, however, had John Boorman directing Lee Marvin. *Prime Cut* has only Lee Marvin and a director who must have taken a very long lunch hour. Against all odds, Marvin summons up a measure of dignity. Hackman looks abashed. ■ J.C.

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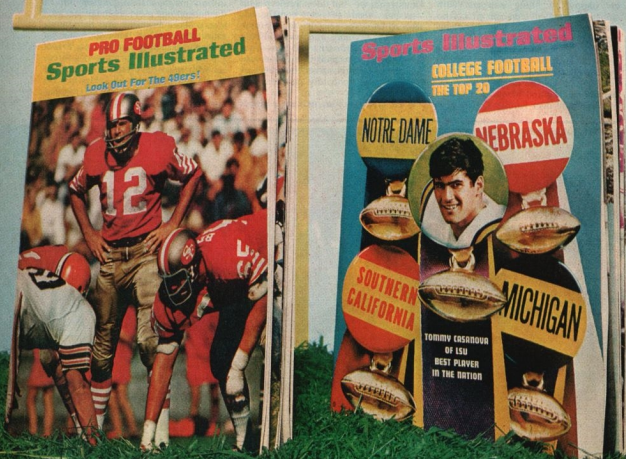
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Mental Self-Help

Can an emotionally disturbed individual pull himself up by the bootstraps of his own will power? Indeed he can, according to Abraham A. Low, a Vienna-trained anti-Freudian psychiatrist who settled in Chicago in 1922. To show how, Low wrote a book called *Mental Health Through Will-Training* and founded a psychotherapeutic self-help organization called Recovery, Inc. Until after his death in 1954, Low's behavior therapy was professionally unpopular in the Freudian-dominated American psychiatric world, but today it has come into its own, and Recovery, Inc. is thriving.

In meetings of the organization's 912 chapters, held once or twice a week, victims of emotional disturbance read aloud from Low or listen to tape recordings of his heavily accented voice: "Things go on, inside you and outside you. We do not discuss emergencies or catastrophes—how often do they happen? We discuss daily life and nothing else. Daily life is something we should be able to deal with satisfactorily. I want you to distinguish clearly between outer and inner environments and the attitude you take. The attitude is yours! It can be changed, improved, omitted, manipulated. Events cannot. The only thing you can do is take an attitude that will not increase discomfort."

After such hypnotic homilies have been played through, the patients testify to the degree of their redemption. At a recent meeting a nattily dressed businessman told a group at Chicago headquarters: "This morning I met a man I used to work with, but it was obvious that he couldn't remember my name. I spotted all the symptoms of fear in me—the pounding in my head, shortness of breath, stomach muscles tightening. But I regarded them as just average symptoms. I even chatted with the man for several minutes. I endorsed myself because before Recovery, I would have lasted only a few seconds and then rushed to the nearest bar to get drunk."

Like AA. Like most Recovery, Inc. meetings, this was a highly structured affair, with a solemn, inspirational tone reminiscent of Alcoholics Anonymous. But just as the twelve-step credo of AA, which would turn off a normal social drinker, has real significance for the man who has faced the horrors of dipomania, so the ritual of Recovery, Inc. is acceptable, perhaps necessary, for many who have gone through the hell of emotional breakdown.

After the businessman had "endorsed" himself (a piece of Low jargon meaning to give oneself credit for one's efforts), other patients recited incidents in accordance with the organization's strict formula: 1) a brief description of an everyday event that precipitated a re-

cent emotional upheaval, 2) an enumeration of the symptoms aroused, 3) an explanation of how the member himself dealt with them, and 4) how Recovery helped. Every recital is designed to accentuate the positive.

When Low started Recovery in 1937, it was exclusively for former hospital patients, and he ran it with imperious authoritarianism. Since his death it has been run by dedicated disciples. Adherents now number about 7,000, pay \$7.50 a year in basic dues, but many nonmembers attend meetings, usually held in schools and other community buildings. Group leaders are not professionals—who seem remote and

monia or any other physical illness."

Recovery, Inc. does not try to diagnose emotional disturbances, says Crane. It cannot handle acute psychotic episodes. It does not compete with professionals: many of its members go concurrently to psychiatrists or other therapists. About half of its clientele are suffering from the residua of severe, hospitalized illness; the other half are neurotics with chronic problems that make it difficult for them to cope with the frustrations of everyday living.

Freudian analysis downgraded the importance of willpower in dealing with such difficulties; Abraham Low may have put too much emphasis on it. But the members of Recovery, Inc. are proof that some will power, at least, plus mutual aid, enables them to cope. "There is nothing wrong with our char-

LEE BALTERMAN



GROUP MEETING OF RECOVERY INC. AT CHICAGO HEADQUARTERS

"The attitude is yours! It can be changed."

austere to many patients—but are themselves former mental patients.

The organization has no better testimonial to its usefulness than the experience of its Chicago-based director of leader training, Phil Crane, 64. His law career was cut short by paranoid schizophrenia, and he had more than 90 electroshock treatments. After that, Recovery. "It taught me self-help techniques," Crane explains. "I'd wake up, panicked that I would again become mentally ill and have to go back to the hospital. So I'd practice what Low called spotting, which is simply learning to recognize that these are only nervous symptoms—distressing but not dangerous. I then practiced the Recovery technique of commanding my muscles to lie quietly on the bed until the symptoms gradually diminished."

Like many former patients, when he met old friends Crane would feel self-conscious about having been hospitalized for mental illness. According to Low's specific instructions, Crane "practiced 'averageness' by commanding my muscles to make me walk up to my friend, then shake hands, smile, and chat for a while. I proved to myself that I could look at my past mental illness in the same way I would look at pneu-

acter," Lucille Asmussen, a recovered psychoneurotic, told her group recently. "We have been inflicted with an ailment, and we have to endorse ourselves as often as we can. After all, no one is going to send us a get-well card."

How to Train Cops

Presumably because police officers represent authority and often have to exercise it, there has been a tradition in some quarters that they should be trained by rigid, authoritarian methods. Such was the notion in the academy for rookie policemen in the Los Angeles county sheriff's department. "We had been committed to a high-stress program," says Assistant Sheriff Howard H. Earle, "a Pavlov's-dog style of conditioning the trainee by stress so that he would not panic when he got into a stressful situation on the job." But as social attitudes changed during the mid-'60s, Earle wanted scientific evidence to determine whether this kind of training was indeed desirable. He persuaded Sheriff Peter Pitchess to let him conduct a controlled experiment.

The academy took 74 candidates at the start of the 16-week course and divided them into pairs—matched by age,

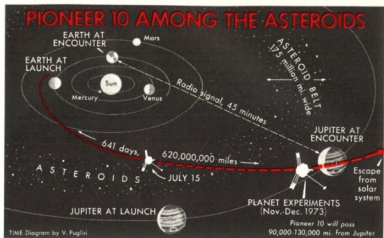
BEHAVIOR

marital status, race, education, whether they had had prior police or military experience—and picked one member of each pair for stressful and the other for non-stressful training.

The courses for both halves of the class were the same. But for the stress half, Earle explains, "we created a strict military atmosphere, with double-time marching between classes, the philosophy that no matter how hard they tried they could never do it right, and extra punishments. For the non-stress group, we tried to create a college-campus atmosphere." The supervisors and trainees in both groups filled out questionnaires to aid in evaluation of the effectiveness of the two methods. After the training was over, the opinions of members of the public who came in contact with both stress and non-stress officers were compiled.

Says Earle: "We had expected the stress group to do better, but after about a year it was reasonably apparent that we were wrong. The non-stressed outdid the stressed in everything. Their job knowledge was better, they were better marksmen, more adaptable, more responsible, got along better with other officers and their superiors and felt the public placed a higher value on their work. They even wore their uniforms better." A second group of 100 rookies was later similarly divided and trained, with the same results.

The consequences of the experiments: 1) Earle won a doctorate in public administration from the University of Southern California and a promotion to assistant sheriff; 2) most of the stress has been eliminated from the training of recruits in Los Angeles, and courses have been added in sociology, the philosophy of law and human behavior.



SCIENCE

Rocky Gauntlet in Space

As every sci-fi fan knows, one of the great hazards of space travel between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter is the asteroid belt: a doughnut-shaped stretch of floating debris that could fatally pierce the thin metallic skin of a speeding spacecraft. Now, for the first time, a real ship is beginning to run this rocky gauntlet. Success will increase the possibility of future missions to Jupiter and the other outer planets (Saturn, Uranus, Neptune and Pluto).

Launched from Cape Kennedy last March, the instrument-packed Pioneer 10 is scheduled to make the first flyby of Jupiter late next year. But for the next seven months, NASA scientists will be watching to see whether their spaceship can pass unharmed through the 175 million-mile-wide asteroid belt. The greatest danger may not come from any of the 1,831 charted asteroids that range in diameter from one mile to 480 miles, but from untold numbers of tiny fragments, some of them no bigger than a grain of talcum powder. At typical asteroid speeds (30,000 m.p.h.), such minuscule bullets could easily puncture one of Pioneer's vital parts.

Scientists at NASA's Ames Research Center figure that the odds of such a collision are no worse than one in ten. Says Project Scientist John Wolfe: "Pioneer should get through without any trouble at all." Still, the density of the asteroid belt, now estimated as one particle per 10 million sq. km., is one of the questions that scientists are now trying to answer, and they cannot really be sure. In fact, a surprise of the pre-belt journey is that Pioneer was hit by 56 tiny meteoroids, or about 50% more than expected. Fortunately, these impacts, detected by pressure drops in Pioneer's 234 specially designed external gas cells, have not caused any significant damage. In the asteroid belt, Pioneer will use more sophisticated sensors: an array of four

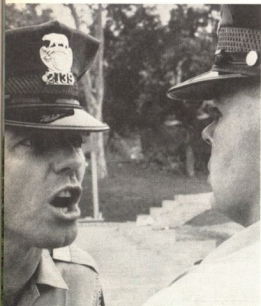
small telescopes that have been aligned to measure the brightness, speed and direction of passing particles, and a sensitive light-measuring photopolarimeter that should glean even more detailed information from the reflected light of nearby asteroids.

Such data may help clear up the mystery of the asteroid belt itself. For a long time astronomers suspected that it was made up of the remnants of a small planet that was blown apart, perhaps in a collision with a comet. Now astronomers are leaning to the idea that the asteroid belt consists of primordial matter that failed to coalesce into a full-fledged planet. If so, that could make an asteroid an even more valuable prize than any moon rock—assuming some far-ranging space traveler could bring it home. It would be a piece of material largely unchanged from the very beginnings of the solar system.

Rebuilding German Research

In a bucolic valley near Bonn, a giant 100-meter-wide radio telescope listens to the faint beeps and squawks of objects at the very edge of the known universe. At a research center in Tübingen, scientists struggle to understand the elusive biochemical secrets by which the brain performs its wizardry. Inside a sprawling complex near Munich, researchers heat ionized gases to temperatures of many millions of degrees in hopes of taming the almost unlimited power of thermonuclear fusion. These varied projects are all being conducted under the auspices of one organization—West Germany's Max Planck Society for the Advancement of Science, which has led the rebuilding of German science from the rubble of World War II.

Unique among the world's leading scientific organizations, the Max Planck



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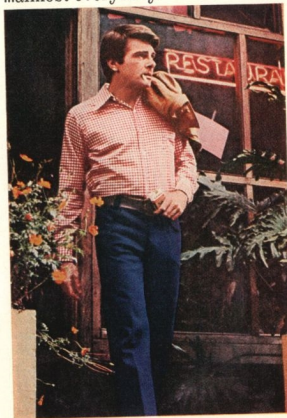
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19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR '72.



SCIENCE

Society operates 52 separate institutions, all pursuing different lines of basic research. The semiautonomous units range in size from the 1,000-man Plasma Physics Institute, site of the fusion experiments, to the tiny four-man Limnological Institute, which has pioneered the use of rush and reed cultures to purify industrial-waste water. The institutes do no secret research, accept few military or industrial contracts, and can pick their own areas of investigation. Largely government-funded (about 90%), they have experienced little political unrest or "brain drain" of scientists to the U.S. And they have enjoyed a steady increase in funding in the past decade (up 300% to a current budget of \$160 million a year).

Perhaps the most astonishing thing about the society is that it exists at all. It is successor to the old Kaiser Wilhelm Society, founded in 1911 under the patronage of Germany's last emperor. By the '20s, the original society had attracted a galaxy of scientific stars, including Albert Einstein, Werner Heisenberg, Otto Hahn, Fritz Haber and Max Planck, whose quantum theory is the cornerstone of modern physics. When the Nazis came to power in the '30s, the society's fortunes sagged. Planck, who was head of the society during those turbulent years, tried to stop the Nazis from interfering with research, but he could not prevent the forced exodus of some 2,000 Jewish scientists. Finally, when World War II ended, the great research organization was as shattered as Germany itself. Renamed in honor of Planck in 1948, the society began its slow postwar revival. At the Institute for Behavioral Physiology, Konrad Lorenz's experiments with geese and fish shed important new light on aggression and other behavioral characteristics. At the Institute for Cell Chemistry, Feodor Lynen won a Nobel Prize for his work on fat metabolism. Another Nobel Prize went to Manfred Eigen of the Institute of Physical Chemistry for his success in measuring chemical reactions that last no more than a billionth of a second. More recently, the society has branched into less familiar terrain. Under the direction of physicist Carl Friedrich von Weizsäcker, it has set up the new Institute for the Study of Life in the Technological-Scientific World. Its mission is to investigate pressing contemporary issues including the role of science and the problems of developing countries.

For all its success, the society is not without its critics. Only last month, at its annual meeting, a group of Young Turks demanded more democratic rule in the various member institutes, some of which have long been run as personal fiefdoms by their directors. Such autocracy can be costly. The new radio telescope near Bonn, for example, has been plagued by serious vibration problems because, critics say, the institute acted as its own general contractor. Critics also feel that the institutes are

not innovative enough, and that the Germans tend to rush into ineffective "panic science" programs in a frenetic effort to catch up with research abroad.

Such criticism may dwindle in the future. Last month the society's senate elected a new president, Physicist Reimar Lüst, a modest young (49) scientist whose easygoing and informal manner should fit in with the Young Turks' ambitions to speed the democratization process. A U-boat engineering officer during World War II, Lüst was captured after his submarine was hit. Sent to a prisoner-of-war camp in Texas, he began attending courses given by some P.O.W. professors. Lüst soon developed a liking for physics, which he continued to study in both Germany and the U.S. after the war. During his internment, he also showed a penchant for *Hogan's Heroes* type of pranks: he and fellow prisoners snatched up wandering turtles, painted their shells with swas-



MAX PLANCK SOCIETY'S LÜST
Physics in a P.O.W. camp.

tikas and then let them crawl over the Texas countryside.

Among his fellow scientists, Lüst is well known for his experiments involving the firing of rockets laden with canisters of barium high into the atmosphere. Once released, the barium particles formed into ionized clouds that were used to study the movements of winds in the upper atmosphere and the shape of the earth's magnetic field. To the German public, Lüst is even better known for his lucid scientific commentaries over television during Apollo moon shots. That combination of talents may be highly productive. By using his influence with his fellow scientists as well as promoting greater public understanding for basic scientific research, Lüst could lead the Max Planck Society—and, indeed, all of German science—into new avenues of knowledge.

MILESTONES

Remarried. Natalie Wood, 34, most durable of sylphs (*Splendor in the Grass*, *Boh & Carol* & *Ted & Alice*); and Robert Wagner, 42, star of TV's *It Takes a Thief*; aboard a rented boat off Paradise Cove, Calif. Billed as Hollywood's happiest lovers when they first married in 1957 (she was 19 and he 27), they were divorced four years later, each to try another spouse—she, Producer Richard (*Downhill Racer*) Gregson, and he, Actress-Starlet Marion Marshall. Both those marriages ended in divorce.

Died. Göran Gentele, 54, newly installed general manager of New York's Metropolitan Opera; in an automobile collision on the Mediterranean island of Sardinia (see MUSIC).

Died. George Maxwell Bell, 59, Calgary oil financier and chairman of F.P. Publications Ltd., Canada's largest newspaper chain; following surgery for a brain tumor; in Montreal. Bell bailed out his father's debt-ridden Calgary *Albertan* by borrowing from friends, then went on to build a multimillion dollar fortune through shrewd oil investments and by picking up other newspaper properties. In 1959, he and Winnipeg *Free Press* Publisher Victor Sifton joined forces to form the nine-paper F.P. chain. "The good Lord put me in the right place at the right time with the right friends," he once said, "and I'm happy to say we all made money."

Died. Dr. William T. Pecora, 59, Under Secretary of the U.S. Department of the Interior; following abdominal surgery; in Washington, D.C. After 26 years in the U.S. Geological Survey, Pecora was appointed its director in 1965, then six years later was named No. 2 man in the Interior Department behind Rogers C.B. Morton. A geologist by training, he was frequently called to testify before congressional committees on ecological issues, and in 1970 won the applause of conservationists for his part in delaying and modifying plans for the Trans-Alaska Pipeline.

Died. Friedrich Flick, 89, West Germany's most powerful industrialist; of a kidney malfunction; in Constance, West Germany. As head of prewar Germany's biggest coal-and-steel conglomerate, Flick was a major supplier of German armaments during World War II. Though 80% of his holdings were confiscated and Flick served a five-year sentence after the war, he emerged from prison in 1950 and quietly began again. Within two decades he acquired control over more than 200 paper, steel, chemical and automobile companies, including 40% of Daimler-Benz. At his death, he was reputedly West Germany's wealthiest citizen.

MODERN LIVING

A Time to Sew

Eve herself invented it (*Genesis* 3:7). The late Gypsy Rose Lee listed it as one of her favorite indoor sports. Leslie Uggams and Mrs. Hubert Humphrey do it regularly—and so do nearly 50 million other American women. Nonetheless, home sewing was scarcely worth a fig leaf until the late '60s. Today it is a \$3 billion business, up from \$1.3 billion just seven years ago, thanks to a

happy combination of factors. Coinciding with rising costs and declining quality of retail clothing, there came a new widespread interest in creative handicrafts. At the same time, improved sewing machines plus a wider variety of patterns and fabrics added to the appeal of sewing-it-yourself.

A far cry from the old stereotype of the dowdy, pennywise seamstress, today's home sewer is youthful and fashion-hungry. The average age of the Ms. who makes her own clothes has dropped in the past few years from 47 to 23. Surveys show that 85% of all teen-age girls now sew. Many of them, like Sharon Sikora of Oak Lawn, Ill., do so for the obvious reason: "I want clothes that are different." Home economics classes, long known for their "horrible aprons and dumb blouses" (as one graduate put it), now feature smarter getups, from pantsuits to prom gowns. One Park Forest, Ill., teen-ager, Tova Kletnick, 16, has become so expert with her own creations that she now designs and makes clothes for her friends, charging them a modest \$10 per dress from first fitting to finish.

Economy is still a big reason why women sew. But an increasing number of home seamstresses—over half of whom have incomes of \$10,000 and up—find other advantages as well. Bib Neiman, 30, whose father owns women's clothing stores in Illinois and Kentucky, used to get all her clothes free, "but they never really fit me." Now she sews for herself and her husband and is even learning to weave her own fabrics and spin her own yarn. "I think we

need to return to a more primitive way of doing things," she says. "When you're sewing or weaving, those are good, quiet times."

Linda Hackett, wife of a New York oil executive, taught herself to sew several years ago when she couldn't find pants for her long-legged, size-8 frame. Soon she began designing her own slacks—and got more than a good fit for her efforts. One day at the beach, a Saks Fifth Avenue buyer spotted Linda in a pair of sleek white slacks and signed her up to design a line of sports clothes for the store.

Off the Bolt. Sewing machines now do practically everything but press the finished garment. Dial a knob or change a foot and your machine can sew on buttons or make flawless buttonholes. Machines can also darn socks, embroider blouses and monogram pockets as well as baste, hem and stitch once "impossible" materials like leather and stretchable knits. In addition to all this, Singer's expensive Touch & Sew model (\$439.95) has solid-state speed control enabling it to breeze through varying thicknesses of fabric without being reset. Today, however, many inexpensive machines (about \$60) offer zigzag, hemming and stretch stitches plus an extra foot for buttonholes. Thus most home seamstresses buy the cheaper models and spend their money on fabrics, which can be expensive.

"Home sewing used to be the dumping ground for the fabric industry," says Carol Bird, president of Off the Bolt, a chain of fabric shops in Los Angeles. "Now all that has changed. If a woman sees a dress she likes in a store, she can come into a fabric shop, ask for the identical fabric and get it." Five years ago, there were 2,300 fabric stores in the U.S.; today there are 12,000. Most popular sellers have been double knits, which are strong and stretchable, and bonded fabrics, which have a backing sealed to the cloth, making lining unnecessary. Bonding also makes laces and other ravelly materials as easy to sew as calico. Besides an ever-expanding market of synthetics, textilers now offer fake furs, machine-washable wools, washable crush-proof velvet and even washable suede. Some materials can set the connoisseur back more than \$100 a yard, but she is apt to find them a bargain. Says Manhattan Socialite Belkis Ertegun: "I have a hunger for clothes. I want something new every minute, and yet I think it's criminal to spend \$6,000 a month on clothes, as I used to do. With my sewing, I only spend about \$500 a month." One rich Chicago woman recently bought three yards of hand-embroidered organdy imported from Switzerland for \$160 a yard. She is making herself a \$480 evening dress, but it might have cost \$1,000 in one of the designer shops at Marshall Field or Saks.

Closely knit to the fabric boom is the greater availability of patterns by such designers as Yves St. Laurent,



SEAMSTER PETER GERSTEL AT WORK



MODELING HOME-SEWN HALTER DRESS
Gypsy Rose Lee and Genesis: 3:7



MODERN LIVING

Pierre Cardin and Bill Blass. The concept is not new. Vogue put out its first high-fashion patterns back in 1949. But until recently there was a long lag between the appearance of a new style and its patterned reproduction. Now companies frequently turn out paper copies of Paris originals within weeks of a showing, long before ready-to-wear has even finished the basting. The home sewer, able to stitch in time, thus can stay in fashion more readily than her friends who wear store-bought frocks. She can make just about anything, too. There are now patterns for panty hose, lingerie and bathing suits as well as men's suits, shirts and overcoats. Butterick even has Stitch 'N' Stuff Sew-It-Yourself Furniture patterns for making legless sofas, beds and chairs that are basically overstuffed slipcovers. Patterns are easier to use now, too. Many are two or even one-piece designs that can be zipped up by the most fumble-fingered amateur. Some companies offer package deals—precut material that is ready to sew—and one even computerizes patterns that are made to fit an individual customer after the taking of 17 separate measurements.

On the Air. Lucille Rivers, the Julia Child of sewing, is seen daily on 100 local stations throughout the country, and draws an amazing 20,000 letters a week. Textilers are advertising as never before, wooing home sewers on the air and in print. Department stores, hurt by the proliferation of fabric stores, are pushing their own pins and needles with fashion contests and sew-ins accompanied by rock bands to attract teen-agers. Singer dropped its sewing classes some years ago and began to retail stereos as well as sewing machines to pump up profits. Now the company has reintroduced its classes, with 82,000 now attending, and is gradually phasing out its phonographs in favor of fabrics and notions.

Even men are now sewing. The San Francisco Sewing Center has an equal number of men and women in several of its sessions. In Chicago, a high school shop teacher, Peter Gerstel, started making his own ties last year, and recently whipped up several hundred for a local art fair. He sold \$300 worth in less than two days. Emboldened by his success, Gerstel is now making himself a sports jacket. Perhaps the most prominent seamster is ex-Candidate Ed Muskie, whose father was a tailor. The Senator from Maine made draperies for his family's Washington apartment.

The McCall Pattern Co., aware that industry bigwigs ought not to preach what they cannot practice, opened a men's executive sewing school last year. The finished products of the first 45 students were not much to brag about, but the classes did have one positive result. Finding that most of the executives could not understand the complicated directions on their patterns, McCall's decided to rewrite its directions in plain English.

TIME, JULY 31, 1972

MUSIC

Morality Opera

When English Composer Peter Maxwell Davies, 37, was a student at Manchester University, he was thrown out of composition class. "They thought I was no good," he recalls. When he persisted in the new-music salons of London, audiences came to the same conclusion: they shouted "Rubbish!" at the premiere of his brooding, dissonant *Eight Songs for a Mad King* in 1969, and walked out when his intricate and ironic orchestral work *Worldes Blis* was unveiled in Royal Albert Hall a few months later. After Davies had labored for more than a decade on his opera *Taverner*, it was rejected by the Royal

burning their monasteries. To Davies, Taverner is a tragic figure in that his revolutionary zeal led him to turn his back on his artistic gifts. The Elizabethan historian John Foxe wrote that Taverner "repented him very much that he had made songs to popish ditties in the times of his blindness." But Davies maintains that the music Taverner wrote prior to his conversion was "as fine as anything written in Europe at the time, and constitutes some of the best music of our English inheritance."

On this plot, Davies' libretto fashions an Everyman kind of morality opera, in which cardinals, white abbots, Latin-spouting priests, heretics and jesters parade in and out of stylized throne



COMPOSER PETER MAXWELL DAVIES (RIGHT) & SCENE FROM "TAVERNER" AT COVENT GARDEN
Placating devotees of Richard Strauss and titillating John Cage.

Opera at Covent Garden not once but twice. Meanwhile, Davies sustained himself with such side projects as the scores for two Ken Russell films, *The Devils* and *The Boy Friend*. "Why should one bother to make a defense of what one does?" he asked. "The music is its own defense."

Davies' best defense to date is that very opera *Taverner*. The Royal Opera, now under the adventurous direction of Conductor Colin Davis, has given *Taverner* a handsome, stirring production that turns out to be one of the major events of London's operatic season.

The work is based on the life and music of a 16th century English composer named John Taverner, in his day a respected composer of sacred music. As the Reformation gained strength, Taverner abandoned Catholicism and became notorious as an agent of Thomas Cromwell who allegedly specialized in persecuting Catholic priests and

rooms and courtrooms while Taverner's destiny is worked out. Allegorical characters such as Joking Jesus, a Pope/Antichrist and Jester/Death trail them in symbolic profusion. Director Michael Geliot (on loan from the Welsh National Opera) and Designer Ralph Koltai have built their set around a huge tower of seesaw platforms on which the merits—and fates—of Taverner and his antagonists are literally and figuratively weighed in the balance.

Some listeners may be uneasy because *Taverner* is not so much a traditional opera as a mélange of spinning theatrical events that dazzle the eye and rivet the ear. Musically, when Davies is not weaving in themes from Taverner, his treatment of the usual choirs of the orchestra has enough richness and fireworks (ignited in masterly fashion by Conductor Edward Downes) to placate the most avid devotees of Richard Strauss. Davies' hair-raising special ef-

MUSIC

fects—massed percussion, squealing clarinets, even the grating of a knife grinder—should be enough to titillate John Cage.

"It is a tough opera," said Davies after the premiere—at which, however, there were twelve curtain calls and no cries of "Rubbish!" "I was pleased that the people listened to it patiently. It will benefit from repeated hearings." Conductor Downes agreed that the score was "murderously difficult" and saw no need to delay a verdict. "This is musical theater at its best, a great step forward to the opera of the future," he said. "I cannot recall a similarly favorable reception to a new opera in Britain."

The Greatest Loss

No death seems crueler than an early death, cutting off talent at its peak. Such was the tragedy last week of the Metropolitan Opera's new general manager, Göran Gentele, who was killed in an automobile accident while vacationing in Sardinia.* The car he was driving collided head-on with a truck, also killing two of Gentele's daughters and

ater in 1892) and devastating musical and labor disputes. Although Gentele officially assumed his post only on July 1, he had been preparing himself by working on the premises for over a year, and already he conveyed the hope of a fresh, new era at the Met. He played both violin and piano, spoke five languages, was well versed in economics and politics (perhaps accounting for his flair at negotiating labor contracts), had considerable experience as an actor, and had directed movies, theater and opera. His style was cheerful and informal, which helped to ease some of the morale problems left behind by the autocratic Sir Rudolf Bing.

Where Bing had been conservative, Gentele was disposed to be open and experimental. He hoped to Americanize the Met by hiring U.S. singers whenever possible; he wanted to encourage casual dress and to draw a younger audience. "Young people should come to the opera as they go to hear a pop band," he said. "Opera is a folk art, like bullfighting and prizefighting." His future repertory, he hinted, would vary standard fare with such works as Berlioz's *Les Troyens*, Janáček's *Katya Kabanova* and Rossini's frothy *L'Italiana in Algeri*. He also had hopes of sponsoring intimate productions on some separate, smaller stage.

Interim. With all these plans thrown into jeopardy, the Met's dismayed board of directors gathered to consider the problem of a new manager. From Italy, Bing cabled an offer to help, but the Met picked the man whom Gentele himself had chosen as his assistant: Schuyler G. Chapin, 49, a former vice president in charge of programming for Lincoln Center. Chapin has experience in concert management, training as a musician, and was formerly executive producer of Leonard Bernstein's television company, but he has no background in opera management. Said he: "I feel not unlike Harry Truman must have felt in 1945." President Moore described Chapin's contract as "an open-ended arrangement," implying that if Chapin did well he could continue as more than an interim choice.

Chapin pledged himself to preserve the "atmosphere of excitement and aliveness" that Gentele had generated. As for Gentele's repertory and cast arrangements, the Met has little choice but to execute them as best it can. In the opera world, production plans are made years in advance. Of most immediate concern is Gentele's project for the opening of the season on Sept. 19: a new production of Bizet's *Carmen*, staged by Gentele himself. Before rehearsals begin on Aug. 1, the Met needs to find a new stage director modest enough to carry out Gentele's ideas. Only a week before Gentele went to Sardinia, he wrote to Mezzo-Soprano Marilyn Horne, his *Carmen*: "The production is rolling along smoothly. At this point, the only person who could ruin it would be the director."

A Haunted Man

ONE of the many tragedies of World War I was that it ruined a generation of artists and poets on both sides of the trenches. For every minor cult figure like Rupert Brooke, polishing his gung-ho stanzas and dying of a mosquito bite en route to the Dardanelles, a dozen real poets like Isaac Rosenberg and Wilfred Owen were cut down. Georges Braque was shot and lived, but the war deprived the 20th century of the mature work of Franz Marc, August Macke, Egon Schiele, Gustav Klimt, Umberto Boccioni and Raymond Duchamp-Villon, as well as that of a young sculptor named Gaudier-Brzeska who might well have rivaled Brancusi in his contribution to modernism. One of the saddest casualties was a German who never fought, the sculptor Wilhelm Lehmbruck. "Who stayed behind after these murders?" he wrote



GENTELE & WIFE IN 1970
Promise unfulfilled.

injuring his wife and a third daughter. "We're all in shock," said Met President George S. Moore. Abe Marcus, chairman of the Met's orchestra committee, spoke for the rank and file at the opera house when he said, "We had come to know him as a prince of a man."

Quite apart from the personal loss, Gentele's death was perhaps the greatest artistic loss the Met has suffered in a long history of singers' deaths in mid-performance, natural disasters (like the fire that forced the closure of the the-

*The incident was a macabre echo of 1935, when another Met manager, Baso Herbert Witherspoon, died of a heart attack six weeks after being engaged.



"HEAD OF AN OLD WOMAN," 1913

in January of 1918, after moving to Switzerland to escape military service:

Who survived this bloody sea?
I step across this stubbled field
And look around at the crop
Which murder butchered horribly.
My friends lie all around me,
My brothers are no longer here...
You, who prepared so much death,
Have you no death for me?

ART



"PRAYING GIRL," 1918

The question was not wholly rhetorical. On March 25, 1919, depressed by a crisis in his own work and by the trauma of the lost war, Lehmbruck killed himself. He was 38. Ever since, the German art world has tended to the view that Lehmbruck's was an exemplary suicide—that, as Critic Reinhold Heller puts it, "his death became a supplication for peace and a sacrificial self-immolation in a world which had declared war on art."

Fortunately, Lehmbruck's truncated output survived the Third Reich—though Hitler considered it, along with most expressionist art, degenerate—and in 1964 a special Lehmbruck museum opened in his native city, Duisburg. But though revered in Germany, Lehmbruck is not well known in America. To rectify this, the National Gallery in Washington has organized a Lehmbruck retrospective, which will run until Aug. 13, thus giving Americans a chance to assess the wistful and curiously poignant work of this haunted man.

The mark of Lehmbruck's sculpture is its inwardness. Lank, elon-

gated and contemplative, his figures seem involved in a degree of soul searching that inevitably recalls the earlier romantic artists of 19th century Germany. Lehmbruck was an excellent generalizer but an undistinguished portraitist. He seldom made an individual's face. The earliest known Lehmbruck, a bust of himself done in 1898 at the age of 17, is an exception to this. But it is, as one might expect, a rudimentary effort, stiff and mute. Fifteen years later, when he made his *Head of an Old Woman*, the image succeeded less as a portrait than as a meditation on time: the plaster face is weathered like an old root, its forms blurred under the delicate accumulated fingermarks.

"I believe," Lehmbruck proclaimed, "that we are again approaching a truly great art and that soon we shall give expression to our time through a monumental contemporary style." He was right—the irony being that this promise was not fulfilled by his own sculpture. There is scarcely one of his works that does not suffer in some measure from the tension between Lehmbruck's large desires and his extreme sensitivity, which resulted in a frequent indecision about surface modeling as well as a troublesome theatricality of facial expression and gesture. It is as though the psychological burden of being a 20th century man militated against the possibility of a grand-scale art based on the human figure—which, in fact, it does.

Lehmbruck was a finely responsive modeler, but he rarely contrived to give his nudes the unabashed, vigorous monumentality of Maillol's. Qualified by unease, bowed down by shame, indecision or guilt, they avert their gaze and seem on the point of flight or evaporation. The result was a fervently decorative and mannered style of representing the nude, which owed a great deal to Modigliani. A sculpture like *Seated Girl*, 1913-14, with its long geometrical curve running from toe through thigh and torso to the impossible declination of the neck, is a fascinating prediction of Art Deco: coarser variants of this woman subsequently infested the mantelpieces of the late 1920s.

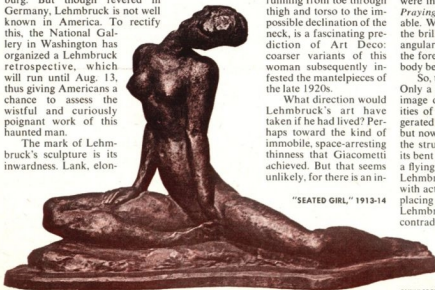
What direction would Lehmbruck's art have taken if he had lived? Perhaps toward the kind of immobile, space-arresting thinness that Giacometti achieved. But that seems unlikely, for there is an in-



"RISING YOUTH," 1913

trinsic sentimentality to Lehmbruck's work that almost precludes the possibility of such absolute concentration. The sum effect of the National Gallery's show is that the merits of Lehmbruck's last years were in form and the failures were in expression. Isolate the head of *Praying Girl*, 1918, and it is unremarkable. What makes the sculpture live is the brilliantly worked-out series of triangular voids defined by the armpits, the forearms and the slender torso; the body becomes a drawing in space.

So, too, with the 1913 *Rising Youth*. Only a hair separates that Hamlet-like image of self-doubt from the vulgarities of Nazi youth-cult art; the exaggerated slenderness verges on caricature but nowhere falls into it, and to look at the structural grace of the body, with its bent leg thrusting into the pelvis like a flying buttress, is to realize how well Lehmbruck could surround a figure with active space instead of merely displacing air with bronze. Perhaps if Lehmbruck had lived to reconcile the contradictions in his art, he would have been—against his expectations—a better abstract sculptor than he was a figurative one. ■ Robert Hughes



"SEATED GIRL," 1913-14

THE BUDGET

Deficit Out of Control

"I was amused when you said I was in charge of the federal budget. I don't know anybody who's in charge of the federal budget."

—Budget Director Caspar Weinberger, in a recent interview



FEDERAL PAYMENTS: SUPPORTED CROPS



PROPERTY OF HURRICANE VICTIMS



FACILITIES FOR PRIVATE AIRCRAFT



SOCIAL SECURITY PENSIONERS



NEITHER, as he has discovered to his chagrin, does Richard Nixon. Though he campaigned in 1968 as an advocate of responsible budgets, Nixon will face the electorate this year as the author of three sets of federal books positively dripping with red ink—about \$80 billion worth, or more than during any other Administration since World War II. Angered and embarrassed by such large deficits, Nixon has decided to take the offensive in the escalating battle of the budget. He is stepping up attacks on the Democratic-controlled Congress for overspending, and last week he discussed the issue with both G.O.P. legislators and the Cabinet. Nixon is seriously considering taking his hold-that-line message to the legislature in a personal address.

Torrent. The deficit for fiscal '72, which ended June 30, turned out to be substantially less than expected (\$23 billion v. a onetime estimate of \$39 billion). But the projection for the current year's imbalance has grown to at least \$35 billion, v. \$26 billion originally. Nixon's own request for flood-relief funds for victims of Hurricane Agnes would add another \$1.6 billion to that total. The Brookings Institution calculates that—even if no new federal spending programs beyond those now contemplated were enacted, and if the Treasury were receiving all the tax revenues available at full employment—it would be mid-1978 before the federal budget could possibly show a surplus. Some economists are frankly afraid that the nation's budget is out of control.

The latest example of a huge new deficit maker is the 20% increase in Social Security benefits, which added at least \$4.25 billion to the federal short-fall expected this year. By 1977, according to Brookings, the inevitable rise in the number of Social Security recipients will increase net federal borrowing by \$20 billion. Between now and the election, Congress could decide to pass a torrent of other social, environmental and educational bills. Since vetoing such legislation might prove politically embarrassing, Nixon is trying to head it off by invoking the threat of inflation. After meeting with the President, Treasury Secretary George Shultz intoned: "A vote for extra spending beyond the

President's budget is a vote for higher prices or higher taxes."

The Democrats' retort to Shultz is likely to be that a vote against extra spending is a vote for continued unemployment, which is now running at a 5.5% rate and is not expected to sink below 5% until at least next year. With the economy still far from being fully employed, many Democrats argue, there is little inflationary risk in chalking up higher deficit spending—but a good deal of job-creating gain in it.

Scrooge. For the longer run, both Democrats and Republicans theoretically agree that the huge budget deficits facing any Administration in the 1970s are intolerable. But neither party has faced up to the unpleasant job of trimming them, either through higher taxes or cutbacks in federal programs. The Congressional Joint Economic Committee reckons that subsidies, tax preferences and low-interest loans for special-interest groups, from ghetto blacks to affluent homeowners, cost the Government well over \$63 billion a year. These subsidies and benefits all had a purpose when enacted in the past, but many are outdated and could be cut to reduce the deficit.

Worthy candidates for trimming include farm price supports that benefit primarily big farmers, airport aid that allows private aviators to pay less for landing guidance and other services than they actually cost, and subsidies to beekeepers whose hives have been damaged by pesticides used on crops. Says Senator William Proxmire, chairman of the Joint Economic Committee: "These programs are like Christmas, with everyone giving subsidies to everyone else and Congress serving as Santa Claus." Yet until some courageous Scrooge can stop it, the Treasury is bound to continue spending big money on some questionable causes.

CONTROLS

A Vote for Phase III

During Richard Nixon's long and almost theological campaign against the idea of wage-price controls—which ended abruptly last Aug. 15 with the laying down of the New Economic Policy—he was widely thought to be reflecting the wishes of big businessmen. Nixon and his principal advisers still dislike controls, and they have promised to abolish them at the first possible moment. Quite a few business leaders, however, have become increasingly de-

voted converts to governmental guidelines. An especially telling sign of their approval came last week in a report by the Committee for Economic Development, an organization of top-ranking corporate chieftains—including executives of Jersey Standard, Caterpillar Tractor, IBM and Continental Can. The group called for a long-term Phase III that would involve a "continuing, direct Government role in wage and price policies even after compulsory controls are lifted."

The C.E.D. report recommended the appointment of a single presidential board to set such policies, in contrast to the separate wage and price groups that make Phase II decisions. The board would set "relatively broad norms" for allowing higher prices and wages, with "greater discretion" than is now allowed for both wage boosts and higher corporate profit margins. The Phase III guidelines would be essentially voluntary, but if either a corporation or a labor union failed to stay in line with them, the C.E.D. said, the new board should have the power to recommend that the Government place it under compulsory controls.

INDICATORS

Best Gain in Years

Outstripping even the most optimistic forecasts, the gross national product burst ahead in this year's April-June quarter, expanding at a prodigious rate of 8.9% in real terms—the biggest three-month gain in six years. The performance was doubly encouraging because of a marked slowdown in the pace of inflation, to 2.1% v. 5.5% in the year's first quarter. Overall, the Commerce Department reported last week, the second quarter G.N.P. grew by \$29.9 billion, to an annual rate of \$1,139 billion. Herbert Stein, chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, was elated: "This is the best combination of numbers to be released on one day in this decade—I won't say in the Christian era."

Stein doubts that such an exceptionally high real growth can be sustained, but he has many reasons for his conviction that 1972 will be a strong year. Other indicators:

► The Consumer Price Index rose only .1% in June, seasonally adjusted. Food prices climbed .2%. But inflation is likely to edge up again this fall because of higher food prices, increases in interest rates and small rises in durable goods as demand moves ahead.

► Industrial production inched up by .3% in June, about the same as in May. Administration economists insist that this sluggishness is only temporary.

► Housing starts last month, though slightly fewer than the month before, ran at an annual rate of 2.3 million units, and a record year is almost certain.



► Consumers are spending more and saving less. The rate of personal savings in the second quarter fell to 6.6%, down from 7.2% in this year's first three months.

Reflecting the economic surge, profits are rising smartly and are likely to show an after-tax gain of some 18% this year over 1971. While second quarter earnings declined at some major companies—including Alcoa, Republic Steel and Magnavox—most corporations reported significant improvements over last year's second quarter. A sampling of the biggest increases: Colorado Interstate up 38%, Metromedia 50%, Honeywell 64%, St. Regis Paper 81%. Alltime high earnings for any quarter were registered by Xerox (up 19%) and IBM (up 22%). A sure sign of a reviving economy was the improved earnings of the airlines. In June, Pan Am posted its first monthly profit since last October. TWA, American and United all bobbed back from recent losses and registered profits in the second quarter.

MONEY

Ending Benign Neglect

The U.S. abruptly shucked its year-old policy of "benign neglect" of American currency abroad last week. It did so by permitting the Federal Reserve Board to go into the international money market to help raise the value of the dollar, and by serving notice that it would bolster its currency against further devaluation. This complex maneuver signaled a timely break with former Treasury Secretary John Connally's hard line of economic nationalism and a step by the U.S. toward greater cooperation with its trading partners in seeking to ease world money problems.

These problems center on the dollars that have flooded into foreign countries because of the U.S. balance of payments deficit. Since August the Treasury has refused to dip into its reserves of gold and foreign currencies to buy back foreign-held dollars. Instead, the U.S. has insisted that the European banks should buy dollars with their own currencies. Even though these transactions increased the money supply and aggravated inflation in some European countries, the foreign banks felt obliged to buy the dollars. If they refused, the dollar's value would fall. The real victims would be the Europeans, because their goods would become relatively higher priced—and less competitive—than American goods in export markets.

Swaps. European leaders were increasingly disturbed about the burden of propping up the dollar. Federal Reserve Chairman Arthur Burns argued that for the sake of improving the international monetary climate the U.S. should take part in supporting its currency. Moreover, if the U.S. helped decrease the amount of dollars abroad, foreign governments would feel less need to impose currency controls. (Reason: the controls, which impede international trade and investment, are designed largely to keep dollars out.)

By last week Burns had persuaded both President Nixon and Treasury Secretary George Shultz. The Federal Reserve thereupon bought back an undisclosed amount of dollars on the open money market, purchasing them with German marks taken from the slender American currency reserves. Beyond that, the Federal Reserve made known that it will revive currency "swaps" with other countries. Swaps, which had been common before last August, allow the U.S. to borrow foreign currencies and use them to buy back dollars.

Washington's policy switch had beneficial consequences. The dollar's value rose in world markets. Last December's Smithsonian agreement, which set exchange rates for major currencies, was strengthened. Said Burns: "We want to let the world know that we want to do our part to maintain the Smithsonian agreement."



OCCIDENTAL'S DR. ARMAND HAMMER



LAYING SECTION OF GAS PIPELINE IN WESTERN SIBERIA

BUSINESS

EAST-WEST TRADE

Stampede to Moscow

PRESIDENT Nixon's summit trip to Moscow in May could well be remembered by American businessmen as a visit of Perryesque proportions. It has already helped net a record \$750 million sale of U.S. grains to the Soviets, and Yankee traders of practically every political persuasion are calculating how they might profit from the "opening up" of that great, unexplored Soviet market. Last week two capitalist corporations scored important, and potentially spectacular gains in U.S.-Soviet exchange. In the process, one of them set off the first old-fashioned Wall Street stock sizzle ever caused by a deal with the Communists.

Behind the uproar was a man who thoroughly enjoys the attendant headlines. Dr. Armand Hammer, 74, chairman of Los Angeles' Occidental Petroleum Corp. A nonpracticing physician who made a fortune swapping U.S. wheat for Russian furs, caviar and art treasures in the post-Revolutionary famine of the '20s—and never lets anybody forget that he became an acquaintance of Lenin's—Hammer has kept up his ties with the Soviet hierarchy over the years. "From time to time the Russians have invited me to come over to talk about a trade agreement," Hammer told TIME New York Bureau Chief Marsh Clark. "When President Nixon went over and effected a rapprochement, I felt the time was ripe to go."

Hammer and a nine-man team that included Holiday Inn Chief Kemmons Wilson, who is talking about opening a 400-room inn in Moscow, spent four days negotiating with officials of half a

dozen Soviet ministries. The outcome was what both parties labeled a five-year "agreement on scientific and technical cooperation." It calls for exploring the possibilities of joint ventures in the Soviet Union involving oil and gas production, the manufacture of agricultural fertilizers, metalworking and hotel construction. With effusive thanks to what he described as his *simpatichny* Soviet hosts, the Russian-speaking Hammer elatedly flew to London—where he also picked up a drawing by Leonardo da Vinci for his vast art collection—to announce his coup.

Technically, the Occidental deal thus far involves only the exchange of expertise—management advice, patents and the like—but it could lead to a large trade of American machines, materials and capital for abundant Soviet oil, gas and nonferrous metals. Occidental, which took a financial clobbering when new and lower export quotas were slapped on its oil concessions in Libya, may have some trouble raising the capital needed to build the kinds of projects that U.S. concerns are especially interested in, notably a pipeline from the Western Siberia gas fields to an Arctic port. But other firms are by no means excluded from future negotiations; Gulf, Tenneco and others have also been dicker with the Soviets. Nonetheless, Hammer played his agreement for all it was worth.

U.S. investors must have thought that the figure came from Brezhnev himself. In three days of frenzied trading, Occidental's stock shot up from 11¼ to 181. Then the puff turned into

poof. Arriving in Moscow for major trade talks, Commerce Secretary Peter G. Peterson said of the Occidental agreement: "It is premature to call it a commercial deal." Occidental's stock promptly dropped to 15½ and closed the week at 151. Even so, President Nixon, who favors joint ventures between U.S. and Soviet enterprises, summoned Hammer upon his return for a private 45-minute debriefing in the White House.

Normalization. The second mark of progress in U.S.-Soviet trade was made by Pullman Inc., which reported that it had become the first American industrial company to get permission to open an office in Moscow.* The Chicago-based company will be entitled to hire Soviet staff members and keep three U.S. employees in Moscow. Pullman has sold designs for five ammonia plants to the Soviets, and last December its Swindell-Dressler division won a \$10 million contract to design the foundry of the huge new Kama River truck plant in the Tatar Republic. Says President Samuel B. Casey: "We expect to do a lot more business here."

So do other U.S. businessmen. Many will probably have to wait for a further normalization of trade relations between the two superpowers, including congressional action to lower tariffs on Russian goods by granting most-favored-nation status to the Soviets, before their prospective deals can be clinched. Yet the stampede of American salesmen to Moscow after Nixon's visit, and their uniformly cordial reception there, is a convincing testament to the farsightedness of those in both nations who have said for years that such trade could be mutually profitable.

*Besides news-gathering agencies, the only other U.S. concerns with Moscow branches are Pan American World Airways and American Express.

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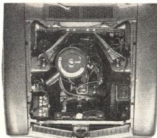
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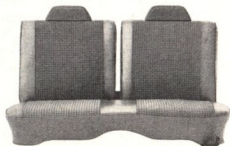
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It may just be the best car value in America today.

AVIATION

Jumbo Engine Troubles

While the passenger in a 747 jumbo jet comfortably sips a martini or soaks up the stereo, a rather disconcerting development may be going on inside one of the huge, intricate engines that power the plane. For reasons that still mystify technicians, one or two of the 138 knife-shaped blades in the engine's second-stage turbine may be breaking off in flight and whizzing out the exhaust in showers of tiny metal slivers. The breakoff is so silent that neither passengers nor flight crew notice it, and because it does not lead to fires or loss of power, it usually goes undiscovered until ground technicians check the plane. The engine troubles have caused no dangerous mishaps so far. Indeed, the 747 is history's safest plane, having had no fatal accidents in 391 million miles of flight since the first commercial takeoff in 1970. But the latest difficulties are causing high costs and consternation for airline executives, who are understandably reluctant to trumpet their troubles to the world.

A number of lines, including American, BOAC, TWA, Pan American and Delta, have had to pull engines out of service. Pan Am normally repairs one or two engines a month for second-stage blade malfunctions but so far in July has had to work over twelve engines at New York's Kennedy Airport. Supremely conscientious about safety, Pan Am in some cases has had to transfer passengers to another of its planes or even another airline. Passengers have had to change planes lately in Teheran, Lisbon and Frankfurt.

The difficulty centers on the fan blades in the Pratt & Whitney JT9D-3A engines, which were put on early mod-

els of the 747. What is eerie about the problem is that it continues to occur even though Pratt & Whitney has supplied the airlines with new blades made of higher heat-resistant alloys. Pratt & Whitney is now sending to the lines a comprehensive "modification kit" that changes parts of the engine and converts it to the equivalent of the power plant used in the new 747s. These later-model planes have not had an abnormally high rate of blade failure. Trouble is, the company is not turning out the kits as fast as the lines require, and the modification program will not be completed until 1974.

Travail. Meanwhile, the repair bill is climbing; it averages \$100,000 per engine. Fan-related repair costs this month have cost Pan Am alone some \$1,200,000. Pratt & Whitney's engines are covered by such a complicated warranty that lawyers may become rich arguing over how much of the repair will have to be paid for by the manufacturer and how much by the airlines.

The huge, advanced jet engines have long caused concern among airmen. The new generation of power plants has required advances in high-temperature metallurgy that strain the boundaries of technology—and sometimes shatter bankrolls. Rolls-Royce went broke last year because costs for a daring new engine being built for Lockheed proved far greater than expected. Pratt & Whitney suffered much travail with its earliest models of the 747 engines. In years past, airlines did not have to weather such severe problems, in part because new engine versions were first tried out and perfected on military planes. But there were no such military tests for the 747's engines. For the airlines, which have just lately pulled out of a long financial tail spin, the turbulence of advanced engine technology could be most expensive.



WALKER ON HIS LAWN TRACTOR

CORPORATIONS

Amfac's Wide Swing

"We're the least-managed company in the world. My colleagues have as much say as I do, and sometimes more. I make marvelous decisions that are promptly overridden by them, and they do it without bashfulness or shame, but with reason. Seventy-five percent of the time they are right. That's a high batting average, and it comes from having good people who are participating and having fun. As a result, we've got a hell-on-wheels management."

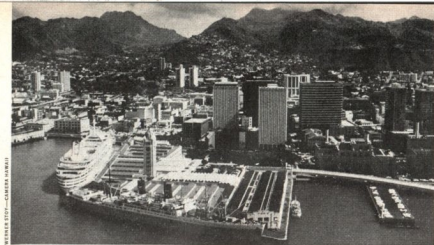
Stretching back in his neat office high above sun-sheened Honolulu Harbor, Henry Alexander Walker Jr., president of Amfac, Inc., a widely diversified service company, makes it clear that he and his brazen "no" men indeed have something special. As acquisitive as boys at a Good Humor truck, they have built the biggest and fastest growing Hawaii-based company. Amfac reaches into retailing, financing, farming and hotels, and is spreading into countries spanning almost half the globe. Last week Amfac expanded again, this time right into the populous East Coast. For \$11 million in stock, the firm bought Baltimore's Hutzler Brothers, a department store chain that sells about \$70 million a year worth of the best of everything.

This was the 42nd acquisition that Amfac has made in just four years, using securities or cash to expand from the middle of the Pacific basin to the West Coast, through the Southwest and to the Atlantic. Since Walker became chief in 1967, the company's revenues have almost quadrupled, to \$578 million; they are expected to top the \$1 billion mark by 1974. Last week Walker reported that profits in the past six months climbed another 28%, to \$10.3 million.

Walker began expanding the com-

BROKEN BLADE (FOREGROUND) ON JT9D-3A ENGINE IN PAN AM WORKSHOP





AMFAC CENTER'S TWIN 20-STORY TOWERS OVERLOOKING HONOLULU HARBOR
As acquisitive as boys at a Good Humor truck.

pany with an eye out for the consumer, reasoning that in the 1970s the "consumer is going to have more money and more leisure than ever before." He also realized that remaining isolated on Hawaii would limit the company's growth. In rapid succession, Amfac bought up the Fred Harvey hotels and restaurants and the eleven Hawaiian hotels operated by Island Holidays, including the Hanalei Plantation, where *South Pacific* was filmed. Already a retailer through its Liberty House department stores, Amfac absorbed other stores, including the high-fashion West Coast emporiums of Joseph Magnin and the venerable City of Paris store in San Francisco. With the five newly acquired Hutzler stores, Amfac will have 90 retail outlets by year's end. The company also raises sugar cane and cattle, processes frozen French fries, distributes electrical equipment and makes commercial and mortgage loans. In Hawaii, where land is practically as valuable as gold, Amfac owns or has long-term leases on

159,000 acres, worth hundreds of millions of dollars.

Now Walker is beginning another wide swing from the company's home base. This September he expects to sign leases to open three stores in Tokyo that will carry the Joseph Magnin name. With two local partners, the Daiei retailing chain and the C. Itoh trading company, Walker hopes to spread into other Japanese cities. He believes that Japanese young women want Western fashions and that "they have a tremendous amount of disposable income because they sensibly live at home when they start working instead of renting expensive apartments."

Amfac was not always a globetrotter. The company was formed in 1849 by a German sea captain, Heinrich Hackfeld, to sell parasols, silk waistcoats, bird cages and window glass to the Hawaiians. Later, changing its name to American Factors, Ltd., the company became one of Hawaii's celebrated "Big Five" factoring agencies that grew

to power by handling financing, shipping, insurance and other services for the sugar plantations. Walker's father, whose own father had been Chancellor of the Exchequer under Hawaii's King Kalakaua, became president of the company in 1933 and ran it until 1950. But he never expanded beyond Hawaii.

Walker was named president in 1967 despite—not because of—the fact that he was the ex-chief's son. The company frowns on nepotism, but Walker had proved himself a personable and smart executive who had a talent for enforcing tight financial controls. Now 50, he joined the company in 1947 after attending both Harvard and Columbia's School of Business. Walker, who is in his office by 7:30 a.m. and takes home only a half-hour's work, likes to operate his company informally; he even answers his own telephone. Twice a year he huddles with a dozen top officers at Silverado, a company-owned resort in California's Napa Valley, for a free-swinging critique of operations, a management device that Walker claims stimulates his executives.

For reshaping Amfac, Walker has been richly rewarded. Last year he was the highest-paid executive in Hawaii, collecting \$174,000. Though he can afford better, he lives in a less than fashionable subdivision on the rainy windward side of Oahu, and has given up golf in favor of gardening and mowing his lawn with a small tractor. Explains Walker: "I crave solitude at times, and golf is a competition amongst men. I get enough of that in eight hours of work every day." But Walker may one day have to give up his enviably relaxed life-style on Hawaii. By the end of 1974, the company will consolidate several of its operations in San Francisco, a more logical center for Amfac's expanding empire.

More Bucks from the Bang: How to Sell in Seattle



IN the painful recession that has gripped the Seattle area's aerospace-sensitive economy since 1969, many merchants have managed to survive only by using a hard-sell technique. The hardest of all belongs to a luxuriantly mustachioed suburban dealer of Chevrolets and Fiats named Dick Balch. He moves his wares with the help of a 12-lb. sledgehammer. In ten-second TV spots, Balch has used the hammer to bash in the windshields, headlights and fenders of some 200 of his shiny new cars. His cockeyed routine often includes a devil's costume, a maniacal post-impact laugh and the question, "If you can't trust your car dealer, who can you trust?" This bang-up if nonsensical commercial has drawn attention as well as plenty of customers and has made Balch a local celebrity. Psychologists may ponder the

reason: perhaps people admire his gall, or perhaps they harbor fantasies themselves of working off frustrations by bashing in a car.

Balch's agency was riding in the red before the commercials started two years ago; it showed a profit of \$22,000 the first month they were broadcast, and sales have been climbing steadily. In this year's first half, Balch sold 1,596 cars, grossing \$4,500,000. The victims of his on-camera carnage are fixed at local body shops. When repaired, these autos can be sold as new goods, just like new cars that have been damaged in shipment. Repairs so far have cost Balch \$60,000, but in some cases he is able to get higher prices for the hammered cars. "After all, you've got to pay more for a car that has been in show biz," says Balch with a devilish wink. He claims that many customers ask specifically for the repaired cars, and a few have even insisted on buying his props, dents and all.

BOOKS

Once More with Freeling

AUPRÈS DE MA BLONDE

by NICOLAS FREELING

228 pages. Harper & Row. \$5.95.

Few enterprises launched in the hopeful '60s have been as successful as a square, spare gumshoe called Inspector Van der Valk. The humane Amsterdam police detective was the creation of Nicholas Freeling, a 45-year-old ex-hotel cook who put away his pots a decade ago and took to publishing suspense novels at the rate of one a year. Since then, Van der Valk has been probing characters, savoring cookery and solving crimes (mainly murder in high or

perceptions of life. While getting on with the crime, readers are treated to idioms in several languages and quotes from the likes of Horace and Kipling. They are also encouraged to consider such things as the qualities of Napoleon's marshals, and unexpected parallels between a Feydeau farce and suspense fiction (the inevitability of a preposterous denouement).

As with Simenon's Inspector Maigret, exposure to Van der Valk is likely to prove infectious. Even when the story seems to unwind in slow motion, Van der Valk's reflective concern for the role of character in crime makes the trip worthwhile. The prizewinning *Criminal Conversation* (1966), for instance, presents an Amsterdam society doctor, highly intelligent but neurotic and febrile, who is unprovably guilty of murder. In a long series of informal conversations, Van der Valk, in effect, kills the man with kindness and understanding, finally inveigling him into admitting his crime by laying bare the poverty and loneliness of his successful life.

The steady reader grows affectionately aware of Van der Valk's changing circumstances. His two sons grow up. He slowly mounts the bureaucratic ladder from simple detective to special commissaris. His wife, Arlette, keeps feuding over sweetbreads with her swinish butcher. In *King of the Rainy Country*, Van der Valk is shot and nearly killed by a hysterical woman. He is seduced just once, in Ireland, but is miserable until he confesses it to Arlette.

This policeman's progress is picked up in *Auprès de Ma Blonde* with no hint that Van der Valk may not hold out through nearly as many volumes as Maigret. The commissaris is on detached duty with a special law commission, but becomes involved with a possible case of corruption and tax evasion concerning the sale of old master paintings. As he begins to move in on the criminals, the reader settles down for another satisfying circular plot. Then, bang (or rather, bang bang), the suspect shoots Van der Valk twice with a 9-mm. Luger. Tender thoughts of Arlette. No noticeable sense of regret. An exit line from *King Lear* ("Ripeness is all") characteristically delivered in German (*Bereits ist alles*). And there, stone-cold dead at the top of page 87, is Commissaris Van der Valk.

The reader clutches his head. It can't be! Maybe it's a trick. Van der Valk has been shot before. Both Sherlock Holmes and Professor Moriarty were left for dead, only to return later for more sin and sleuthfulness. Freeling, meanwhile, rushes in shock troops. He even intrudes upon the scene himself, confirming a persistent rumor that he actually knew the real-life counterpart of Van der Valk. Met him, in fact, during his hotel days after some slight dif-

ficulty with the law and was so impressed that he started writing detective novels. After this infusion of verisimilitude, Arlette appears with some neighbors, including the swinish butcher, and bravely takes over the detective work.

Thriller readers, who usually have to face the loss of a first-rate detective only when his creator dies, will be stunned by the demise of Van der Valk. But after ten years marked by more critical than financial success, the author is adamant. Freeling, who lives with his wife and five children outside the Alsatian capital of Strasbourg, insists that his literary murder was "deliberate policy." He adds, "It becomes necessary to free oneself. *Auprès de Ma Blonde* is an epitaph."

■ Timothy Foote

Shindy About Nothing

THE QUIET END OF EVENING

by HONOR TRACY

241 pages. Random House. \$6.95.

In a string of novels that began in 1956 with *The Straight and Narrow Path*, Honor Tracy has made a particular corner of Ireland her own. It might be called County Farce. It lies just this side of the Dire Straits, along the border of Blarney. It is peopled with grotesques, inanimate as well as animate: crumbling mansions where the plumbing has a will—but not a constitution—of iron; a Hereford bull that for reasons of its own sits down in a kitchen, blocking the stove; an alcoholic postman who carelessly stuffs mail into a tree stump, then thinks to bring the practice into line with regulations by carving the words post box in the bark.

In such a realm, as a character in this latest Tracy novel reflects, "the declared friend was the secret foe. What looked like perfect peace was in truth an endless, confused shindy about nothing of any importance."

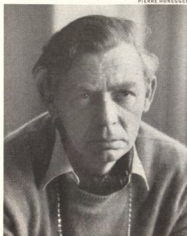
All of which is an accurate enough synopsis of *Evening*. The setting is In-

FRANK OREES



NOVELIST HONOR TRACY

Postman's bark.



PIERRE HONDEGGER

MYSTERY WRITER NICOLAS FREELING

Stone dead on page 87.

low degree) around Holland and neighboring countries. Van der Valk books have attracted a steadily growing international audience and collected a handful of top mystery-writing prizes. More than that, Freeling goes beyond the formulas of suspense to offer a complex picture of postwar Europe, uneasy with its new prosperity and haunted by past fears. In American thrillers, only Ross Macdonald's use of the surf and drug culture of California has similar resonance. Like Macdonald, Freeling writes so well that readers may feel he should devote himself to straight fiction or—considering the state of the contemporary novel—be grateful that he does not.

Van der Valk is a plebeian with little formal education. But he reads a lot, looks hard at the world and thinks fast. He also has a blonde French wife who provides Gallic insight and underdone *foie de veau*, modifying her husband's tendency toward Dutch stolidity. In short, Van der Valk is the perfect medium through which Freeling, himself a multilingual, self-educated, cultural nomad, can express his own sharp-eyed



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BOOKS

ishnamona, a peninsula that becomes an island when its residents blow up the causeway to the mainland in a short-sighted gesture of independence that ends by cutting off the vital tourist trade. The book's episodic narrative grows out of the resulting disasters that pile on the local populace—especially on Heroine Sabina Boxham, whose brother wants to the old family estate.

Honor Tracy has made this comic territory so much her own that it no longer bears much resemblance to the Ireland on the map or in the daily headlines. *Evening* lacks the satiric bite of her earlier Irish novels, yet still provides diverting summer reading. But that creaking sound the reader notices may not be the hammock. It may be the plot.

■ Christopher Porterfield

Verdict on My Lai

MEDINA

by MARY MCCARTHY

87 pages, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$2.45.

Mary McCarthy brings a special sensibility to her journalism about the war in Viet Nam. Behind the smart bitchiness of *The Group* there is a complicated spirit in anguish over what she now calls "this miserable country." As an expatriate, she sees the U.S. in sharp focus, remarking on incongruities that a resident takes for granted. Thus she recognized—and skillfully skewered—American bungling in *Viet Nam* (1967), though her later *Hanoi* (1968), likewise based on firsthand reporting, suffered from a Lincoln Steffens I-have-seen-the-future-and-it-works-nativity. In *Medina*, her third short book of war reportage, she turns an account of the acquittal of Lieut. William Calley's immediate superior into a disquieting meditation on the meaning of My Lai.

Sometimes bitterness leads her into overstatement. She acknowledges that the U.S. is probably the only country that would have brought a Lieut. Calley to trial. But then she baldly states that with Calley's sentence reduced and everyone else involved in the massacre and the ensuing cover-up either acquitted or not even brought to trial, "mass-murders have been welcomed back into the population." She adds: "Now any member of the armed forces in Indochina can, if he so desires, slaughter a reasonable number of babies, confident that the public will acquit him, a) because they support the war and the Army, or b) because they don't." To be sure, the irony was obvious enough when both the left (the war is inherently immoral) and the right (Calley was only following orders) agreed for irreconcilable reasons that Calley should go free. But many, McCarthy included, still feel that Calley was rightly brought to justice. Why would a second Calley not be?

McCarthy is at her best and most disturbing when she argues that the Me-

dina proceedings were doomed from the start. Since Calley's judges concluded that he acted on his own rather than on orders, Medina's prosecutors could scarcely argue that Medina was the culprit after all.

Prejudiced Witnesses. Interestingly, McCarthy reports that before any of the My Lai proceedings began, a group of young Army lawyers suggested that all concerned—from generals down to sergeants—be tried en masse, on the Nuremberg model. Such a proceeding, she says, could have "apportioned blame in large, small and medium slices according to a single measure." Instead, the combination of separate trials and administrative

END-CO SARENI



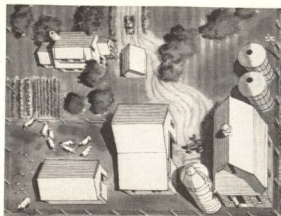
MARY MCCARTHY
Blame in slices.

decisions inevitably produced "a haphazard result" and left "a sense of unfairness." Even after Medina's trial, "the feeling remained that the full story of My Lai 4 was still to be told, not the details of the massacre but what lay behind it."

One thing that lay behind it was the absence in Charlie Company—and among many other officers and men in Viet Nam—of any sense of identity as soldiers. McCarthy notes that witnesses at the Medina trial spoke of enemy-inflicted casualties as atrocities, "that is, as though they themselves were civilians." The consequence is plain: "When a man in uniform, with a gun, makes no distinction between himself and a civilian, he will scarcely make a distinction between the military and the civilians of the other side." In Viet Nam, the other side has not spared civilians either. But even the nasty realities of war cannot excuse the telltale figures in the My Lai commander's report on the action, which noted 128 "enemy killed—but only three weapons captured."

McCarthy makes a final telling point. Though no one seems to have remarked on it at the time, many of the officers called as character witnesses for Ernest Medina had themselves been investigated for possible crimes in connection with My Lai; two had actually been charged.

■ Keith R. Johnson



These Americans have held the line on prices since 1950.

There's a lot of talk about prices these days. And how to beat inflation. Unfortunately, there aren't any easy answers. But there are some effective inflation-fighters in this country. They haven't had a major price increase in the goods they sell for a generation. Who? The sometimes forgotten farmers in America.

Check the facts.

YEAR	CORN (bushel)	WHEAT (bushel)	BEEF (100 lbs.)	HOGS (100 lbs.)
1950	\$1.52	\$2.00	\$29.35	\$18.00
1971	\$1.08	\$1.31	\$33.12	\$17.50

Average yearly price from U. S. Department of Agriculture.

Take a look at the prices farmers received for a bushel of corn or wheat in 1950. Twenty-one years later, in 1971, prices were substantially lower. In 1950, farmers sold beef cattle for \$29.35 per hundredweight. Twenty-one years later, the price had inched up less than 1% a year! Prices received for hogs decreased. Maybe you'll agree the best inflation fighters in the country work on America's farms.

Cheaper than dirt.

Here's a real eye-opener. Next time you're at the supermarket, price a 5-pound bag of flour, a 5-pound bag of corn meal and a 5-pound bag of potting soil. You'll find it's no exaggeration to say our farmers sell their products cheaper than dirt.

The high cost of winning.

All the while our farmers have been doing business at prices substantially out of the 1950's, the cost of the goods and services they buy are straight out of the 1970's. How can they survive buying high and selling low? The sad fact is many don't. In the last two decades, nearly half our farmers have left the land for already crowded cities because ends couldn't be met.

Now you know.

Statistics say the American farmer is the most efficient worker in the world. Each farmer provides food for forty-five people. Compared to 20 in 1950. He is one of the very few of us who literally makes something where nothing was before. That could be why, in spite of the built-in risk of trying to beat Mother Nature year in and year out, you'll hear them all say, "I'm proud to be a farmer."

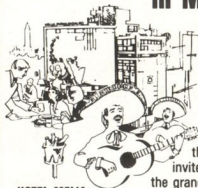
Now, you may ask why the folks at Pioneer are telling you all this. In 1972, nearly half of all the corn growers in this country planted our hybrid seed. Over the years, we've gotten to know a whole lot of farmers... so we decided we ought to speak up with the facts. Our friends on farms all over the country deserve it.



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BOOKS

Heaven Protect

THE GIRLS IN THE OFFICE

by JACK OLSEN

447 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$7.95.

This is a new entry in the crowded field of pop sociology—tape-recorder division. Jack Olsen has gathered the confessions of 15 women who work in a Manhattan firm he calls "the Company." The idea is a timely one since one positive result of Women's Liberation is a quickened curiosity about what kind of life lies behind labels like "secretary" or "executive assistant."

Unfortunately Olsen never seems to have decided whether he wanted to write a serious book or a slick one. So much of the book is devoted to sour sexual confidences that one is forced to the conclusion that the author's eye was really trained on the bestseller list. Worse, he does not trust his own material, which finally makes it impossible for anyone else to do so. Though the introduction refers to the girls' "eloquent" voices, they all talk alike to the point of using the same expressions. Two or three call New York the "Big Apple" or the "City of Finalists" and equate comfortable working conditions with being treated like "Farouk."

Nobody Works. Farouk, indeed. Not even Charlotte Ford. That reference is an indication of how dated Olsen's girls are. None is endowed with exceptional talent, energy or beauty. What they have in common is a mystical, misplaced conviction that New York City is some kind of catalyst that will bring them undefined personal fulfillment, and that the office is the spot where the miracle will occur. Nobody works in this book; they just go to the office.

Where do '50s aspirations go when the '50s disappear? One may as well ask where all the poodles go when York-shires become the fashion. A snowfall on Second Avenue during a college visit is apparently enough to send some girls to the city. Why they stay can be a matter of tortuous rationalization. "I consciously seek out weird and interesting places—gay bars, lesbian bars," says one who has been at it 18 years. "Could you do that in Springfield, Mo.?"

The question is pathetic. The girls quickly learn that the Big Apple can turn into hard cider. Several drink heavily; they hate the men they work for and resent being thought of as sexual objects. But God knows men are sexual objects to them. Says one: "Single men must all live in caves."

Olsen's cross section contains no married women although they form a large part of most office staffs. His girls are the trapped ones, whose fantasies are too strong for Springfield, but who never discovered what they can do or even what they actually want in life. One of them concludes, "If I lived on a desert, I'd collect sand." The sad thing is that, psychically speaking, she does and she is.

■ Marjorie Duffy

MEDICINE

Automated Examinations

The logic is irrefutable: if a man has a thorough medical examination every year or so, doctors should be able to pick up the earliest signs of incipient disease or disability, and thus treat his condition most effectively and economically. But until recently, the omnibus "multiphasic health testing" approach was confined largely to corporate executives and high-echelon employees whose companies considered them valuable enough, in balance-sheet terms, to justify annual expenditures of \$200 each or more for checkups. These screenings were performed by such organizations as New York City's Executive Health Examiners, serving the top brass of 400 companies, or the Greenbrier Clinic at White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., and could take several days.

Now, multiphasic testing is being made available to more people. The state of Rhode Island is running a federally financed program that costs only \$40 per patient. Many large corporations are also offering the checkups to an increasing number of employees down through the ranks.

One man who is convinced that the value of periodic examinations is provable is Dr. Ernest L. Wynder, the first physician to produce firm evidence that cigarette smoking is a major cause of lung cancer, who is now a crusader for preventive medicine. As a director of the New York-based American Health Foundation, Wynder has persuaded six corporations* to finance the Health Maintenance Center, which opened early this month in mid-Manhattan. It is the last word not only in multi-

*Five of the companies are Control Data Corp., Eastman Kodak Co., Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Co., Norton Simon Inc. and Time Inc., each has an 18% interest. The sixth, Bradford Computer & Systems Inc., has 5%. The remaining 5% of capital was donated by the six corporations.

phasic testing but also in automation.

Any individual can make an appointment for a checkup at the Health Maintenance Center, but for the present, says Co-Director E. Stevens DeClerque, the operation will rely mainly on employee groups contracted by their companies. First, the candidate must fill out a 378-item questionnaire on his own and his family's medical histories. That chore over, things are made as easy as possible for him. His questionnaire is fed into a computer. If the electronic brain finds inadequate or conflicting answers, it demands: "More data!" The computer prescribes the test schedule for each individual patient, based on age and sex.

After that, the process works like a luxurious assembly line. A technician takes blood and sends it to the adjacent laboratory for both blood-cell and chemistry readings. The results, along with those of urinalysis, are fed into the computer, which is programmed to rerun any tests that show questionable results. The electrocardiogram, usually elaborate, is also checked by the computer and can be double-checked if any abnormality appears.

At the end of an even hour for a man or 1½ hours for a woman (because of additional breast and genital examinations), a physician at the end of the line has a print-out of the full report. The center physician will send the report to the examinee's personal doctor or company medical department or provide him with a list of private physicians. If an examinee has a problem with smoking, nutrition (meaning, in most cases, overweight), high blood pressure or physical fitness, he can be referred immediately to one of four "intervention clinics" maintained on the floor below by the American Health Foundation. There he may be placed on special diets or exercise regimens, or helped to stop smoking through hypnosis or psychological support. "When the center detects a health risk factor," says Wynder, "we like to intervene im-

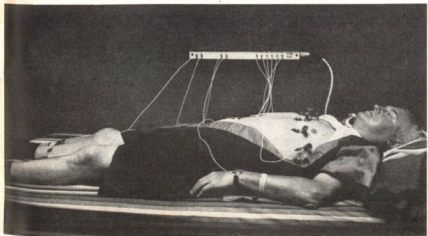
mediately. We don't want to lose patients—we want to get them while they're hot." Eventually, Wynder hopes, there will be a dozen or more such examination centers across the U.S.

Capsules

► Because it happens so frequently, doctors rarely get overly excited when youngsters swallow coins, buttons or other foreign objects. But doctors at the Ohio State University Hospitals in Columbus were worried when an adult patient, almost helpless as a result of head injuries, swallowed a thermometer that had been placed in his mouth by a careless nurse's aide. They immediately put the patient on a low-roughage diet, and watched, by means of X rays, as the thermometer slowly made its way first into the stomach, then into the small intestine and finally into the large intestine. The doctors were prepared to remove the glass tube surgically if necessary. But 19 days later, the crisis—and the thermometer—passed. Most of the doctors' colleagues applauded their patience in delaying surgery. But some questioned their use of a low-roughage diet. According to Drs. Ernest Johnson and Watson Parker, a high-bulk diet, such as is often prescribed to cure constipation, may have proved more helpful in speeding the thermometer on its tortuous way.

► For more than a century, the oldest of wives' tales about oarsmen was that they died young—the all-out exertion of crew racing was too much for the overstrained heart. Although that belief was challenged as long ago as 1873 in a study of 294 British oarsmen, the myth has persisted—evidently because fiction is more fun than fact. Now Dr. Curtis Prout of the Harvard University Health Services has made an updated study and reports his findings in the current *A.M.A. Journal*. Prout selected 172 graduates of Harvard and Yale, all of whom had rowed at least once in the four-mile varsity race between 1882 and 1902; for each oarsman, a classmate was picked at random for comparison. Prout agrees that oarsmen seem to develop slow-beating "athlete's heart." But the oarsmen lived, on the average, at least six years longer. The 90 Harvard crewmen lived to an average age of 67.79 years, as against 61.54 for their nonrowing classmates, while the 82 Yale men did slightly better, living 67.91 years to their classmates' 61.56. Only half as many rowers died before age 60 as did nonrowers. Prout dramatized his thesis by digging up a picture of the Harvard junior varsity crew that won at Henley-on-Thames in 1914. He managed 50 years later to round up every one of them—including then Bow Oar Senator Leverett Saltonstall—and boated the whole crew in a shell on the same course. Incidentally, not one of them had developed an unmanageable paunch.

ELECTROCARDIOGRAM BEING TAKEN AT MANHATTAN'S HEALTH MAINTENANCE CENTER





GLEAMING SOUTH BEACH & CLUSTER OF NEW HOUSES ON MARTHA'S VINEYARD

ENVIRONMENT

The Great Island Debate

It is not, of course, the only topic of conversation. There is always the question of the winds for tomorrow's sailing, or the prospects confronting George McGovern, or the latest gossip about who misbehaved after too many vodkas and tonic. But sooner or later, among the gatherings of the well-to-do and fashionable on the Massachusetts resort islands of Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket,* the talk is likely to turn into bitter arguments over this summer's No. 1 question: Should the Federal Government move in and take charge of preserving the islands?

Yes, says Henry Beetle Hough, venerable editor of the *Vineyard Gazette*. "The bill would give us protection at last by curbing the speculation and the development."

No, says Real Estate Dealer and Hotel Man Bob Carroll. "This is a bill to protect a few people from ever having any neighbors."

The bill that they are arguing about was introduced in the Senate by Edward Kennedy last April with a warning that "we do not have the luxury of months and months to act." Indeed the two islands, once havens of rural serenity, have already become, in their rural way, boom towns. Every summer the perma-

nent population of 10,000 swells to a new high—50,000 now, nearly double the summer crowd of ten years ago. Over the past five years, the ferryboat traffic from the mainland has increased by almost 50%, to some 500,000 passengers a year.

The sale of land has been correspondingly frenetic. Virtually any half-acre building lot now costs at least \$5,000, and three acres on Chappaquiddick recently went for a price of \$125,000. Some projects on the Vineyard, where building permits are filed at the rate of one a day, would carve old farms into quarter-acre lots; others include the island's first beachfront condominiums and its first trailer camp. On Nantucket, now dotted with about 3,000 gray-shingle houses, 1,884 house lots were being planned for development this spring. Besides creating an almost suburban clutter, the projects endanger the limited local water supplies. Nantucket's Hummock Pond already is rank from sewage overflow. In the Vineyard, declares Planner Alex Fittinghoff, "once the ground water is polluted, this place is finished. There is no way we can double the summer population on this island."

To preserve the islands' still gleaming beaches, their secluded moors and meadows, the Kennedy bill would impose an unprecedented degree of federal control through the creation of the nation's first "island trust"—a sort of combination public recreation area and private preserve.

Kennedy maps, which appeared last spring without any prior warning,

would divide all of the land into three categories. One, amounting to about one-fifth of the islands, would be subject to locally planned development, or, as Kennedy put it, "room for growth within limits." Another, covering about one-third of the land and including most beaches, would be declared "forever wild," to be purchased as necessary from a proposed \$20 million federal fund. Most controversial, the remaining land, almost half of the islands, would be designated for "scenic preservation"—in effect a federal zoning law that would allow property owners to keep their land but not to develop it. Probable result: existing houses would soar in value, but undeveloped land would suddenly lose virtually all resale value.

To some residents, particularly those seeking refuge from the strain of urban life, the Kennedy bill seems a blessing. Author and Nantucket Home Owner David Halberstam says that the plan represents "an ecological awakening, a sense of the fragility of the islands, a recognition that what befalls one area befalls all areas."

Home Rule. But many islanders count on the summer rush to carry them through the year, for the unemployment rate soars to 15% in the winter. Some opponents, like Real Estate Man Carroll, not only bemoan the end of the building boom but warn that federal funds can hardly preserve a resort for the wealthy few. Says he: "The people of the United States aren't going to pay all this money and then not use the island." Since the Kennedy bill would make most beaches public, critics argue that this would lead to the building of new access roads, a possibility that most landowners heartily oppose.

To coordinate all the objections, a number of citizens' committees have been spending recent weeks studying problems ranging from traffic congestion to water use. Most islanders, who would not even consider zoning laws a few years ago, now agree with the Kennedy bill's far more comprehensive principles, but they want to retain as much home rule as possible.

Happily, Kennedy has encouraged precisely this kind of response. He will reintroduce his bill in the Senate later this summer together with several mollifying amendments. These would allow some owners of "scenic preservation" lands to get special permits to build houses, such as cottages for their children. Another amendment provides for separate "trust commissions" for Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard. The bill also asks the Secretary of the Interior to find means of keeping the number of visitors to the islands within "reasonable" limits.

What is ultimately at stake far transcends the islands. If the bill passes, which seems likely, it will stand as a model of a new approach, a sharing of responsibility by the Government and private citizens in the preservation of increasingly crowded vacation lands.

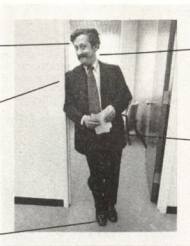
*Among the notable inhabitants: Pop Singer James Taylor, Yale President Kingman Brewster, New York Times Columnists James Reston and Russell Baker, Writer-Cartoonist Jules Feiffer, Painter Thomas Hart Benton, Playwrights Thornton Wilder and Lillian Hellman, Actress Ruth Gordon, former TV Host Hugh Downs and ex-Defense Secretary Clark Clifford.

Portrait of a smart car buyer:

He reasons thusly: The next model year is fast approaching. Present dealer inventories, therefore, must be reduced. That can mean year-end savings. (Pretty smart, eh?)

He likes a big car. With enough shoulder room, elbow room, hip room. With enough room for the whole family to ride in without taking turns breathing.

He likes to know that when he puts his foot down, he'll find a responsive Olds Rocket V-8 at the other end.



He wants a quiet car. One in which he can discuss his business prowess without shouting over wind noise. Even on a turnpike.

He wants a car not only priced to save money but built to keep on saving money. A car with built-in value that will be worth more when it's trade-in time again. (How smart can you get?)

Portrait of a smart car buy: Oldsmobile Delta 88.

Right now, during your Oldsmobile dealer's Smart Buyer Sale, smart buyers everywhere are discovering how much they can really save on a Delta 88.



Oldsmobile's year-end Smart Buyer Sale!



THE PRESS

Credibility Cloud

Though they have personal preferences like anybody else, political reporters cherish their neutrality in news stories as the cornerstone of their credibility. But credibility suffered a serious setback two weeks ago when Newspaper Guild President Charles A. Perlik Jr., 48, mounted a chair at George McGovern's press headquarters in Miami Beach to proclaim: "McGovern sounds the beat we can march to. Let's fall in line behind him." The executive board of the journalists' union had endorsed a presidential candidate for the first time in the Guild's 39-year history. It was an extraordinary move at a time when the reliability and fairness of the press are widely questioned.

Angry protests greeted Perlik's pronouncement, mostly from the working journalists, who now form a minority within the 33,000-member union; the rest include such noneditorial employees as secretaries, business-office per-

sonnel and maintenance people. Petitions were quickly circulated to condemn the leadership's "outrageous, arbitrary action." The Guild's Minneapolis and Washington-Baltimore units disavowed Perlik's action.



CRITIC BARRY GOLDWATER
Compromising neutrality?

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Liberal Leaning. Most of the heat centered in Washington, home base for a sizable army of political reporters who feel they will now have to cover the coming campaign under something of a partisan cloud, their neutrality compromised in the eyes of a skeptical public. The endorsement, complained Chairman Ronald Sarro of Washington's *Evening Star-Daily News* Guild unit, "gives ammunition to those looking for an excuse to attack the press on

any grounds." It bothered even those who, while not at all anxious to belabor the press, feel that it should not only be fair but should also be seen to be fair.

Attacks were not long in coming. Senator Barry Goldwater of Arizona observed on the Senate floor that the Guild action "does not surprise me one bit," and reminded his listeners that "many times I have referred to the liberal leaning of some sections of the American press corps." Republican



GUILD PRESIDENT CHARLES PERLIK

Campaign Director Clark MacGregor thought the Guild "ill-advised in openly abandoning the time-honored objective of the American press to confine partisanship to editorial pages."

A dedicated Democrat who learned his labor-union politics in Buffalo, Perlik managed a backhanded mandate for endorsement at last month's annual Guild convention in San Juan. Beaten in his effort to get the convention to endorse McGovern outright, he later won permission for the union's 15-member international executive board to "consider endorsing a candidate for the presidency following the national conventions."

But as soon as McGovern won the nomination at Miami Beach, Perlik decided not to wait for the Republican Convention, polled his executive board by telephone (thereby effectively preventing them from discussing the matter as a group) and triumphantly announced the endorsement.

Insisting on the Guild's right as an organization to endorse a presidential choice, Perlik maintains that "we can't put our citizenship rights aside." (AFL-CIO President George Meany apparently felt he was putting aside no such

rights when he refused endorsement to either candidate. See THE NATION.) But those rights are exercised properly at the ballot box and not in the news pages. The Guild endorsement obviously could not commit any member to vote against his conscience. But it did, by implication, impugn the impartiality of its members' reporting. In fact, Perlik's ploy may well prove to be self-defeating with the electorate, lending credence to the contention—loudly asserted by Spiro Agnew and less loudly by some of his White House colleagues—that the press is biased against the Nixon Administration.

Short Takes

► Not since 1949, when the Red Chinese ordered all American organizations to "discontinue news activity," has there been a permanent U.S. press presence in mainland China. But recent Ping Pong diplomacy and presidential summits have brought American newsmen back for brief visits. Last week A.P. President Wes Gallagher and Board Chairman Paul Miller arrived in Peking to negotiate an exchange agreement with the Chinese news agency Hsinhua that would re-establish a regular news and photo channel between the two countries. They hope the exchange will be the first step toward opening an A.P. bureau in Peking.

► CBS is much more than meets the TV eye, more even than records, radio and the New York Yankees. Its publications division has gathered a small stable of specialty magazines for the leisure market: *Field and Stream*, *Road and Track* and *Cycle World*. Last week CBS announced it would start publishing in November a food-oriented quarterly called *Epicure*, costing \$1 a copy and pitched to those in the 25-to-45 age group who earn more than \$15,000 a year. Publisher Michael J. O'Neill promises that the new *Epicure* will "not be just another food magazine. It will showcase dining as a focal point of living, with wit and warmth." Planned circulation: 250,000.

► His hair is long, his politics hip, and he is a purposeful dropout from the University of Michigan. But Guerin Scripps Wilkinson, 19, also happens to be a great-great-grandson of Detroit News Founder James E. Scripps and owned \$60,000 worth of *News* stock. In an obvious move to embarrass the paper, Guerin announced plans to turn over his shares to an amalgam of underground outfits for sale to blacks, poor whites, Indians and Chicanos so that underprivileged citizens could be represented at *News* stockholder meetings. Envisioning vociferous claquees disrupting the normally decorous deliberations, the *News* quietly offered Guerin a handsome overbid for his 400 shares, and Guerin just as quietly accepted. Both sides profited: Guerin made money and the *News* kept its closely held stock out of alien hands.

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